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WARRENIANA:
WITH NOTES.

WARRENIANA;

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WITH

NOTES,

CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY,

BY

The Editor of a Quarterly Review.

William Gardiner
W. Deacon

I have even been accused of Writing Puffs for Warren's Blacking. LORD BYRON.

BOSTON:

PUBLISHED BY WELLS AND LILLY,
AND
O. WILDER AND JAMES M. CAMPBELL,
NEW-YORK.

1824.

PR4525
.D7 W3
1824a

Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven;
No pyramids set off his memory
But the eternal substance of his greatness
To which I leave him. BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

TO

THE KING'S

MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

SIRE,

A DEVOUT admirer of church and state presumes to lay the following pages with characteristic propriety at your feet. By this act, he would be understood to wave his consideration of the monarch, and to address himself exclusively to the munificent Mecænas of the fine arts. Deign then, oh best of Princes, to justify his appeal, that posterity may learn how Warren enlarged the bounds of science, and his Sovereign bowed approval. Periander, oh King, yet survives in connection with the sages whom he upheld, and long after the trophies of a Wellington shall have floated down the Lethe of oblivion, the name of Guelph, eternised by the gratitude of Warren, shall flourish to after ages, the Medici of

modern art. That as yet this mighty Manufacturer has lived comparatively unnoticed, he casts no reflection on Your Majesty; he resigns that office to his Blacking, but feels with the sensitiveness of neglected genius, that intellect, like the oak, is but tardy in the attainment of its honours. But his hour hath at last arrived, the sun of his fortunes is high in heaven, and its full meridian effulgence he here dedicates to the service of Your Majesty.

In a kindred spirit of unexampled loyalty, his Editor ventures to subscribe himself,

Your Majesty's most dutiful,
Most zealous,
Most affectionate,
And most obsequious, humble servant,
W. G.

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INTRODUCTION.

By W. G.

In order to account for my connection with this volume, it is necessary to revert to a favourite and leading episode in my early life. This is an egotistical, but, as my friends all assure me, a requisite duty, and one the mere mention of which will plead, I trust, my best apology with the public. At any rate it shall have brevity * to recommend it.

The reader who is at all acquainted with my translation of the Roman satirist will remember, that in the memoirs prefixed to that volume I alluded to the fact of my having been sent to a little day-school at A——n. To this I have to add, that I had continued but a short time in a state fluctuating between the extremes of despondency and hope, when a boy, by name Warren, was dispatched to the same academy. This boy was the present celebrated manufac-

* As I have already written my Memoirs at full length in my translation of the satirist of Aquinum, it is superfluous to repeat more in this place than bears directly on the point. G.

turer of the Strand. He was many years my junior, ardent and speculative in his turn of mind, warm-hearted and sincere in his disposition, and eccentric in his general demeanor. There was, in fact, a something about him that excited while it rivetted attention, and inspired me with the proud hope of one day becoming his associate. I was not deceived in my conjectures; a sympathy of situation seemed to draw us with the force of a magnet towards each other, till from mere school companions we became bosom friends.

But these halcyon days were not long to last. A summons from his father, who was a wholesale manufacturer of blacking, recalled young Warren to London, and I was bound apprentice to a shoe-maker at A——n. In this situation I languished away six dreary years, with no earthly amusement to divert *ennui* but occasional correspondence with my friend. Time, meanwhile, rolled over both our heads; by the kindness of friends, more especially by that of the late Lord G——r, I was enabled to prosecute my studies at Exeter College, Oxford; while my friend continued his slow but certain career under the fostering patronage of the metropolis. Still, notwithstanding the difference of our pursuits, our attachment remained unabated; so much so indeed, that when I ever meditated a few days' retirement from the fatigue of literary pursuits, my inclinations had always a reference to the Strand.

It was during one of these later visits in the autumn of 1820, when both (shall I be excused the expression?) had acquired some little celebrity, that my friend proposed to me the Editorship of the present volume. He was pleased to add, that the circumstance of my previous apprenticeship to a shoemaker peculiarly fitted me for the task, and that he would diminish what remained of difficulty by his own immediate co-operation. It appeared, when I catechised him on the subject, that in order to increase his connection he had been for years in the habit of retaining the services of eminent literary characters. This joined to his own poetical * abilities, which displayed themselves in perpetual advertisements, had considerably enhanced the value of his profession. Still a something seemed wanting; one complete edition of "Warreniana," to which the public might refer as certificates of his merit. With this view he had lately engaged all the intellect of England in his behalf; each author furnishing a modicum of praise in the style to which he was best adapted, and receiving in return a recompense proportioned to his worth. There were some, however, who from the circumstance of their residing abroad, (as in the instance of Lord B——) found no little difficulty in complying with this application. In such case their own bookseller was appointed the

* For an ingenious criticism on the merits of Mr. Warren, as a poet, the reader is referred to the article intituled "The Sable School of Poetry."

agent through whom their communications were conveyed.

On being informed of these particulars, I assented to my friend's proposal, and forthwith applied myself to the Editorship of his "Warreniana." I began by sifting the different MSS. confided to my inspection, and ascertaining, in the next place, their claims to authenticity and respect. My researches, in short, were attended with as severe mental labor as my late Memoirs of Ben Johnson. Occasionally I found the text obscure, either from the difficulty of its local allusions or the hieroglyphic confusion of its characters. Not unfrequently I discovered a fact set forth on the flimsiest and most apocryphal testimony, or an expression that was to all appearance doubtful, where, in point of fact, it was merely obsolete. To these verbal or local difficulties I affixed both critical and explanatory notes, which the reader will find methodically arranged at the close of the volume. He need not be alarmed at their bulk, for I can assure him that in the selection I have been principally influenced by my regard for a pertinent brevity.

Among the numerous contributors to whose articles these annotations are appended, may be found the names of my opponents both in politics and literature. I mention this in order to avoid the charge of inconsistency; for surely in a work like the present, whose sole intention is to advertise the merits

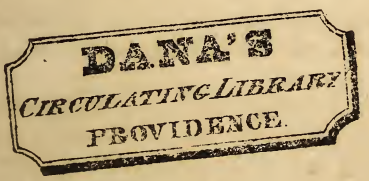
of *one* individual, such asperities are altogether irrelevant. Sometimes, however, these articles exhibit a marked difference (as in the instance of the "psychological curiosity,") to the style usually adopted by their author. This would naturally induce my readers to consider them as fictitious; far from it, they are nothing more than dexterous disguises by which he endeavours to excite an anonymous curiosity. In a few instances they may appear inapplicable, as is the case with the "Nursery Ode," and the "Girl of Saint Mary Axe." This, too, is an artful contrivance on the part of their respective authors, who wisely thought that it was better to insinuate praise, than to thrust it under the reader's nose in bold and palpable panegyric. Discretion is assuredly as much the better part of compliment as of valor.

I am apprehensive, however, that the occasional warmth of their language may somewhat affect their claims to this latter quality. I shall not attempt to extenuate the defect. Poets are an imaginative race, and a licence is permitted to their fancies, which we should deny to the soberer realities of prose. But a few of them lie under a far more serious charge than the mere exuberance of their praises, and if Mr. S— T— C—, when he next puts forth "a psychological curiosity," would deign to render it somewhat less *curious* in point of absurdity, both Warren and the world would be his debtors.

Before I close this introduction I must not omit to notice the generous assistance of the few friends to whom I explained the nature of my connection with "Warreniana." Mr. D'Israeli in particular claims my eternal thanks for the valuable light that he has enabled me to throw (vide Note 6.) on the nature and origin of the "lollipop." To the reporter of the Times, for the zeal with which he proffered to my assistance the parliamentary debate upon Warren, I confess equal obligation. Nor must Mr. Farley be forgotten, when I reflect that to his unwearied researches I am indebted for the pantomime to whose use I have alluded in the notes.

I have yet to mention my earliest and most revered friend, the manufacturer of Blacking. Though heretofore noticed as an associate, he is now to be commemorated as a coadjutor. Avocations of a peculiar but promising character engross his present leisure; yet no one acquainted with any publication of mine can require to be told, that no part of the present work has passed the press without his anxious revision. But with what rapture do I trace the words *Robert Warren!* Five and forty springs have now passed over my head since I first found my friend in our little school at his spelling book. During this long period our attachment has been without a cloud; the pride of my youth, the delight of my declining years. I have followed, with an interest that few can feel and none can know, the progress of my friend from the humble state of a retail manufac-

turer, to the elevated situation which he has now attained, and have beheld each successive advancement endeared by the approbation of the public. But the golden virtues of his character will be the theme of other times and other pens; it is sufficient for my happiness to have witnessed at the close of a career, prolonged far beyond my expectations, the friend and companion of my youth in his present dignified capacity, as the Coryphæus of modern manufacturers.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WARREN.

By W. I.

Washington Irving

The elements *are* so mixed up in him,
That nature *may* stand boldly forth and say,
This is a man. SHAKSPEARE.

THE metropolis of England to a stranger, and more especially an American, exhibits the varied wonders of a fairy-land. Its hoary cathedrals at Westminster and Cheapside; its richly foliaged groves of Kensington and Hyde Park, carpeted with the freshest verdure, and reflecting in added beauty the dazzling hues of morn, or the mellowed effulgence of twilight, —these and a hundred objects of similar attraction, present each to the mind of the traveller a theme for unbounded admiration. For the first week of his arrival he betrays a wondering ignorance at the alternate grace and grandeur of each scene or edifice he beholds, and broods, with the tenacious eagerness of a child, over every fresh source of amusement. He visits, with intensest interest, the rival temples of Melpomene and Thalia, recalls the Quirinal Hill in contemplating the majestic Achilles, and paces, with kingly step, the tesselated pavements of Regent

Street. In a few weeks, however, this feverish ecstacy subsides, and he has then sufficient soberness of temperament to pay his passing tribute of applause to those sweet but unobtrusive nestling places, which are consecrated by the recollection of living or departed genius. Then it is that he visits the Boar's Head at Eastcheap. and, in fancy, quaffs his sack with Falstaff; or, with feelings of equal enthusiasm, bows before the shrine of Warren, the manufacturer and minstrel of the Strand.

As for this reverential purpose I was once buying a pot of Blacking at Number 30, my attention was attracted to a person who was seated in a state of deep abstraction behind the counter. He was advanced in life, tall, and of a form that might once have been commanding, but it was a little bowed by care, perhaps by business. He had a noble Roman style of countenance, a head that would have pleased a painter; and though some slight furrows on either side his nose showed that snuff and sorrow had been busy there, yet his eye still beamed with the fire of a poetic soul. There was something in his whole appearance that indicated a being of a different order from the bustling shop-boys around him.

I enquired his name, and was informed that it was Warren. I drew back with an involuntary feeling of veneration. This, then, was an artist of celebrity; this was one of those imaginative spirits whose newspaper advertisements have gone forth to the

ends of the earth, and with whose blacking I have cleaned my shoes, even in the solitudes of America. It was a moment pregnant with emotion; and though the popular graces of his poetry had made me familiar with the name of Warren, yet it could not diminish the reverence which his immediate presence inspired.

As I quitted his abode, the recollection of this great man gave a tone of deep meditation to my mind. I recalled what I had heard of his character, his lowly origin and subsequent elevation, his unconquerable diligence and rich poetic fancy. Nature, I internally exclaimed, appears to have disseminated her bounties with a more impartial profusion than our vanity is willing to allow. If to one favourite she has assigned the glittering endowments of rank and fortune, she has compensated the want of them in another by an intellect of superior elevation. Such has been the case with Mr. Warren. Though humble in origin, and suckled amid scenes repulsive to the growth of mind, he has yet contrived to hew himself a path to the Temple of Fame, and having become the poetical paragon of the Strand, has turned the whole force of his genius to manufacture and to eulogise his blacking. This prudent concentration of his faculties has been attended with the most felicitous consequences. The stream of his fancy, that before flowed over a wide ungrateful surface, by contracting its channel has deepened its power, and now rolls onward to the ocean of eternity, reflecting on its bosom the rich lights of poesy and wit.

Independently, however, of his imagination, this mighty manufacturer has shown how much may be effected by diligence alone, and how attractive it may present itself in the columns of a newspaper, the placards of a pedestrian, or the sides of a churchyard wall. The memoranda of his name and profession display themselves in alphabetical beauty, at every department of the metropolis. They have elbowed Doctor Solomon's Elixir, pushed Day and Martin from their stools, and taken the wall of that interesting anomaly, the Mermaid. Such is the triumph of genius. Doctor Solomon is dead and gone, and there is no balm in Gilead; but Warren's Blacking will be immortal. Its virtues will ensure it eternity; for not only doth it irradiate boots, shoes, and slippers with a gentle and oleaginous refulgence, but while it preserves the leather, it cherishes, like piety, the old and stricken *sole*.

In America we know Mr. Warren only as the tradesman; in Europe, Asia, and Africa, he is spoken of as the poet: and at the Canaries, on my voyage to England, I was told by a Hottentot of his having been unfortunate in love. (1) I was sensibly afflicted at the intelligence, but felt that the illustrious invalid was far, far above the reach of pity. There are some lofty minds that soar superior to calamity, as the Highlands of the Hudson tower above the clouds of earth. Warren has a soul of this stamp. His majestic spirit may feel, but will not bow before the strong arm of adversity. The blighting winds

of care may howl around him in their fury, but like the oak of the forest he will stand unshaken to the last. Besides, it may, perhaps, be to this very accident, that his advertisements owe their charm; for the mind, when breathed over by the scathing mildew of calamity, naturally turns for refreshment to its own healing stores of intellect.

I do not wish to censure, but surely—surely, if the commercial residents of the Strand had been properly sensible of what was due to Mr. Warren and themselves, they would have evinced some public mark of sympathy with his misfortune. They would have shown him those gentle and unobtrusive attentions which win their way in silence to the heart, when the more noisy professions of esteem stick like Amen in the larynx of Macbeth. Even I, stranger and sojourner as I am in the land, can heave the sigh of pity for his sorrows; what then should be the sensibility of those who have seen him grow up a bantling, as it were, of their own; who have marked the plant put forth its first tender blossoms, and watched its growing luxuriance, until the period when it overshadowed the Strand with the matured abundance of its foliage?

But it is an humbling reflection for the pride of human intellect, that the value of an object is seldom felt until it be for ever lost. Thus, when the grave has closed around him, the name of Warren may be possibly recalled with sentiments of sincerest affec-

tion. At present, while yet in existence, he is undervalued by an invidious vicinity. But the man of letters who speaks of the Strand, speaks of it as the residence of Warren. The intelligent traveller who visits it, enquires where Warren is to be seen. He is the literary landmark of the place, indicating its existence to the distant scholar. He is like Pompey's column at Alexandria, towering alone in classic dignity.

OLD CUMBERLAND PEDLAR.

By W. W.

SUMMARY OF CONTENTS.

A SUMMER afternoon. The Solitary (i. e. author) seats himself on a bank of buttercups with Johanna, Goody Blake, Tims, Stokes, and some others beside him; informs them that he shall not drink tea till half past eight, and that as it is now only seven o'clock, he has got one hour and a half left for conversation. Solitary accordingly describes his EXCURSION some years ago among the mountains, where he saw Warren's name engraved upon the rocks. Philosophical reflections upon Warren's Blacking. Solitary then commences the tale of Peter Bell; describes how he blew his nose among the mountains, and how the mountains sent back an echo—Catalogue of mountains engaged in the chorus. Solitary proceeds to detail the particulars of his interview with Bell, who, it seems, was a travelling pedlar to the firm of Robert Warren, 30, Strand. Eulogium on Robert and his Blacking. Solitary goes on to say that Bell and himself walked together towards Rydal, but that on the road he was bitten on the nose by a gnat. Meditations on a gnat-bite. Solitary closes his account of the Pedlar, and gives good advice to his little friends, Goody Blake, Johanna, Stokes & Co. Stokes indecent. (2) Solitary admonishes him to tie up the knee-strings of his breeches, and informs him that Goody Blake has

been peeping for the last half-hour. Stokes ties up his knee-strings, and the poem is concluded by the Solitary exhorting the juvenile audience to "BUY WARREN'S BLACKING."

George Fisher, Goody Blake, and Betty Foy,
Johanna, Matthew, Tims, and you too, Stokes,
Come, sit ye down upon this bank of fresh
But bilious buttercups: 'tis scarcely seven,
And I shall not drink tea till half-past eight,
Or peradventure nine, so that one hour,
One sober hour remains for converse sweet.
You all knew Peter Bell, the pedlar, he
Was a hale man and honest, and each spring
What time the cuckoo carolled in the hedge,
Would seek our simple villages, to vend
His patron's wares—of him I now would speak;
And while yon grave, 'neath which his ashes sleep,
Feeds in the fattening twilight, I will tell
An incident that once befell us both
Among the rocks by steep Helvellyn's side.

It chanced one summer morn I passed the clefts
Of Silver-How, and turning to the left,
Fast by the blacksmith's shop, two doors beyond
Old Stubb's, the tart-woman's, approached a glen
Secluded as a coy nun from the world.
Beauteous it was but lonesome, and while I
Leaped up for joy to think that earth was good
And lusty in her boyhood, I beheld

Graven on the tawny rock these magic words,
"Buy Warren's Blacking;" then in thought I said,
My stars, how we improve! (3) Amid these scenes
Where hermit nature, jealous of the world,
Guards from profane approach her solitude;
E'en here, despite each fence, adventurous art
Thrusts her intrusive puffs; as though the rocks
And waterfalls were mortals, and wore shoes.

That morn I lost my breakfast, but returning
Home through the New Cut by Charles Fleming's field
Westward of Rydal Common, and below
The horse-pond, where our sturdy villagers
Duck all detected vagrants, I espied
A solitary stranger; like a snail
He wound along his narrow course with slow
But certain step, and lightly as he paced,
Drew from the deep Charybdis of his coat,
What seemed to my dim eyes a handkerchief,
And forthwith blew his nose: the adjacent rocks,
Like something starting from a hurried sleep,
Took up the snuffling twang and blew again.
That ancient woman seated on Helm-crag
Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-scar,
And the tall steep of Silver-How sent back
Their nasal contributions; Loughrigg heard,
And Fair-field answered with a mountain tone.

The old man paused to listen, but when ceased
This mountainous bravura, on his staff

He bowed his palsied head in compliment
To my approach; "My God! 'tis Peter Bell,"
I cried aloud; "how fare you, my good friend?"
Then thus the pedlar spake: "Oddsniggers, sir,"
I use his very words, "full twenty years
Have past since you and I held talk together,
So now let's chat a bit." With that he spake
Familiarly of me and of old times,
And of grand sights that he had seen since last
We roved through Hammar-scar; how he had dwelt
Long with a mighty merchant in the Strand,
Hight Warren, and was travelling to grave
His name upon each rock, that when the hinds
Passed by that way, their speculative eyes
Might linger on the carved advertisement.
He added, that this merchant was a man,
Like those of Tyre and Sidon, glorified
By the wide universe, and that his name
Was honoured among nations; he was one
Who sprang from nothing, like a mountain rill,
Till widening in its course the ambitious stream
Of his good fortune poured a tide of wealth
Into the sea of Number thirty, Strand.

When Peter ended, I proposed a walk
To Rydal, for the day was fresh with youth,
And thousand burnished insects on the wing,
The bee, the butterfly, and humming gnat,
Flew swift as years of childhood o'er our heads.
Touching these gnats, I could not choose but feel,
When I had walked, perhaps, some minutes' space,

The venomous superficies of a pimple,
On the left side my nose: 'twas streaked with hues
Of varied richness, like a summer eve;
And edged, as is the thunder-cloud, with tints
Albescent, and alarming to the eye.—
It was a gnat-bite!! On the previous eve,
When, rapt in thought by lone Helvellyn's side,
My fancy slept; this unrelenting insect
Marking his hour, had borne me company,
And tweaked a memorandum on my nose.

Thus nature warns her sons, and when their thoughts
Aspire too boldly, or their soaring minds
Elope with truant fancy from the flesh,
Their lawful spouse, she spurns the gross affront,
And sends a gnat to tell them they are clay.
My spirit owned her chastening hand, and gazed
On heath and hill, and sunless glen and rock,
In lowliness of heart, while pitying heaven,
As it approved th' offender's penitence,
Looked down upon me with an eye of love—
An eye of love it was, but Peter Bell,
(Antique pedestrian,) felt the gracious charm
O'erflow his soul no longer; he was clad
In thick buff waistcoat, cotton pantaloons
I' th' autumn of their life, and wore beside
A drab great coat, on whose pearl buttons beamed
The beauty of the morning; as we strolled,
I could not choose but ask his age, assured

That he was seventy-five at least, and though
He did not own it, I'm convinced he was.

That hour hath long since past, and the old man
Peter is with his fathers; but at eve,
When mid the deepening hush of winds I rove
Along that mountain glen, where erst he blew
His vocal nose, the memory of his talk
Floodeth my spirit with a freshening stream
Of bygone thoughts; then too I call to mind
The fame of Warren, and reflect how wit,
Albeit in commerce, will attain respect
And glory from the nations; therefore, friends—
(Tie up the knee-strings of your breeches, Stokes,
For shocked am I that Betty Foy should see
Coy nature peeping through your ragged hose)—
Still be the name of Warren in your mouths,
His blacking in your cottages, and still
Let the example of his industry
Fall, like a genial shadow from the West,
Upon your minds; and when in after years
You strive to prison Mammon in your purse
By various traffic, think how Warren rose
By punctual payments; for believe me, friends,
That in commercial contact with the world,
A tradesman's TICK, is a TICK-DOULOUREUX,
Incurable by all, save those who bear,
Like Henry Hase, a SOVEREIGN remedy.

WARREN IN FAIRY LAND.

By J. H.

James Hogg

Bonnie Rob Warren gaed up the lang glen—
'Twas on Saturday last, at a quarter to ten—
The morn was still, and the sky was blue,
And the clouds were robed in their simmer hue,
And the leaf on the elm looked green as the sea
When it sleepeth in brief tranquillity;
And over and under, o'er muirland and grove,
Earth whispered o' peace, and heaven o' love.
Drowsy wi' porter, and scant o' breath,
Warren reclined him on Hampstead Heath;
The lark in mid-air douce melody made,
And the wind through the bushes in silence strayed;
And the cuckoo, herald of infant spring,
Soothed his ear wi' her welcoming;
Till rapt in reverie strange and deep,
Bonnie Rob Warren fell fast asleep.

He dreamed that fairies beside him lay,
And beckoned him on to a far pathway,
Whar the earth was paved wi' gowd and gems,
And clustering jewels hung wild on their stems;
Whar birds frae the blossom, and sylphs frae the sky,
Carolled his name as they past him by;

And fairy maidens o' dazzling sheen,
Sae gentle in nature and peerless in mien,
Sune as they kenned him, began to speir,
Wi' "Bonnie Rob Warren, you're welcome here."

Then fluttered they round him in mazy rings,
Ilk to the sound of her rustling wings,
Frae their light foot-fall wee flowers arose,
And buttercups blossomed aneath their nose;
And a fountain welled at their awfu' call,
Through caller pavilion and magic hall,
And anon shot up, frae its sonsie brink,
Showers of blacking as sable as ink.—
Then turned they to left, and turned they to right,
Breasting the breeze frae a sense o' delight,
Then shot they through air like a thought through
the brain—
Hurrah! hurrah! they are trooping amain;
Warren and wizard in ebon car,
Wi' faces as fierce as a whiskered hussar.
Day closed ere they reached their journey's end,
And wi' buirdly footsteps 'gan to ascend
A palace as crowded as Fleet-street mart,
And called in heaven "the Palace of Art,"
Whar the grit in science on earth below,
Make, as the pugilists term it, "a show,"
And enjoy unfading in heaven again
The honours they reaped 'mid the sons o' men.
Sune as the fairies and Warren drew near,
Shouts rung through the magical atmosphere,

The gates o' the palace flew open and wide,
And weird manufacturers side by side,
Welcomed the tradesman wi' trumpet and ca',
And throned him aloft in the midst o' them a'.
Abune him an elfin empress shone,
The fairest that ever the earth looked on,
She gave him a telescope winsome and bright,
And cannily bade him recruit his sight,
Wi' the fame he wad gain in after times,
For the strength of his blacking and force of his
rhymes.

He look'd, and aneath him lay merrie England;
Men rushed frae a' quarters towards the Strand,
For close whar as yet Saint Clement's is seen,
A temple superb, and refulgent o' mien,
Arrested the e'e wi' these words on its gate,
"ERECTED IN HONOR OF WARREN THE GREAT;"
Then bowed at this modern Saint Becket's shrine,
Prince, peasant, and peer, as to something divine;
The organ struck up, you might hear it a mile,
And chiels in white surplices chorussed the while
Wee Braham's great grandson an anthem concocted,
Whilk the feelings of a' maist affectingly shock did;
For virgins and widows, wives, peasants, and peers,
Were up to their knees in a deluge o' tears.

He looked again, and the scene was new—
Lang African deserts rose high on his view,
And he kenned beneath him a winding Cape
With its Hottentot callants sae matchless in shape;

The Cape it was peopled wi' city and town,
The Hottentots adepts in fashion were grown;
And bucks frae the Nile wi' braw coats on their backs,
And douce inexpressibles lengthy and lax,
Like those whilk o'night may be seen at Almack's;
Through the towns o'the Cape strutted deftly alang,
Beguiling their lounge with an opera sang,
Whilk the Nile echoed back, as if proud to impart
To the praises o' Warren the tunes o' Mozart.
The tradesman beheld a' these dandy adults,
Wi' their hessians of Hoby and trowsers of Stultz,
And knew that his blacking, more black than the berry,
Lent grace to the boots of each Cape Tom and Jerry. (4)

He looked again, and the scene was new—
The Moslem dominions rose high on his view;
But the domes o' the prophet, the glittering mosk,
The temples o' Mecca, Medina's kiosk,
Nae longer the soul o' devotion attacking,
Were changed to bazaars for Rob Warren's jet blacking;
Each Turk too eschewed his red slippers and sandals,
Mair fit for the ancles o' Goths or o' Vandals,
And wore in their stead our trim protestant suits,
Fause collars and high polished Wellington boots.

He looked again, and the scene was new—
Spitzbergen's mirk regions rose high on his view;

But sullen as death was ilk ice-girdled coast,
For winter walked o'er it wi' tempest and frost,
And the wind in reply to the hollow wave's moan,
Sate on his rock and gave groan for groan.
Rob Warren glow'red over this warld wi' dismay,
Till far frae the distance in gallant array,
A merchantman's bark shot along the blue sea,
Like a wean in the height of its innocent glee.
Oh! brawly she danced o'er the billows sae bright,
And flashed on the eye like a thing o' delight;
While the natives rushed doon frae their hills to the shore,
To buy the rich freightage that brave vessel bore.
'Twas Warren's jet blacking the merchantmen brought,
'Twas Warren's jet blacking they puffed (as they ought);
Ilk Esquimaux rubbed it o'er sandal and shoon,
Whilk it polished as bright as the braw harvest moon;
And roared, as he rubbed it, wi' barbarous glee,
"Hey, Sirs, a douce chiel this Rob Warren maun be."

The vision ceased, and the elfin queen
Upturned to the tradesman her bonny blue e'en,
And bade ilka stainless and sylphid miss
Welcome him hame wi' a dance and a kiss.

They caught him fast by the breeches and coat,
As spiders a blue-bottle grasp by the throat;
They caught him fast by the coat and the breeches,
As holy Saint Anthony fingered the witches.

And tauld him wi' unco' smiles and glee
How time, as yet unborn, wad be
When Turner and daft Day and Martin suld fall,
And bonnie Rob Warren be all in all.
Then danced they around him, each beautiful one;
Their raiments o' siller shone bright in the sun;
For the women were clad in star-colored frocks,
And the men in black silk stockings and clocks.

Wae's me that I canna, I maunna reveal,
How fondly they kiss'd him, lad, lassie, and chiel,
How lang they caressed him and pressed him to stay,
Until, as dun night saddened over the day,
Each sweet fairy countenance faded away.—
Then Warren awoke frae his awfu' sleep,
The shadows abune him grew dusky and deep,
Where tinsell'd wi' twilight and gemmed wi' dew,
Lay the heath primrose and the violet blue,
Fresh as the spring, and as beautiful too.
The humming bee slept in the apple bloom,
The whistling hind sought his cottage home,
And the west wind, purest of a' that blows,
Made fond acquaintance wi' lily and rose;
For *under the rose* and aneath the night's shade,
Sounds sweetest the music o' love's serenade.

When mony an hour had come and gone,
Frae half past ten till a quarter to one,
When the dinner had waited baith roast and boiled,
And the cauld leg o' mutton and turnips were spoiled;

Late, late in the gloaming when a' was still,
But the tramp o' night-leddies up Ludgate-hill,
Frae Hampstead Heath, i' the flush of his fame,
To the Strand, Number 30. Rob Warren came hame,
And oh! *his beauty was fair to see*,
And gay was his spirit and lightsome his e'e,
As he spak o' the wonderful things he had seen,
In a land whar sorrow had never been;
Whar, spite o' the fairies, in palace or hall,
He was the fairest abune them all;
And sweet to feel and blythe to say,
Suld thrive in the warld's esteem for aye.—

Now lang live a' those whae hae money to lend,
And lang live a' those wha have ony to spend;
And lang live a' those wha hae gowd to receive,
And ditto to those wha have ony to give;
Provided, that lang as 'tis likely to sell,
They'll buy Warren's Blacking, and puff it as well.

A NURSERY ODE.

By L. H.

Leigh Hunt

N. B. The following Nursery Ode was originally written for private circulation, and transmitted, together with an ounce of crisp gingerbread-nuts, to my little acquaintance, John Warren, junior, by way of a birth-day present. As, however, the Editor of this Volume, to whom it was shown by the father, imagined that it might be serviceable in promoting the interests of his Work, it is here numbered among the collection.

Ah, little ranting Johnny!
For ever blythe and bonny,
And singing heigho, nonny!
Come, you rogue, to me now,
And sit upon my knee now,
While in thought we rove
Through clipsome Lisson Grove,
Where the blackbird singeth
And the daisy springeth,
And the Naiads tie,
All underneath the sky,

Their garters with crisp posies
Of daffodils and roses.
Johnny, Johnny, Johnny!
Fie! oh fie upon ye!
Thus to teaze your nunkey,
You good-for-nothing monkey;
Thus to pull and swale
His perriwig and tail,
And throw, with cunning glee,
Tobacco in his tea.
There—but words are vain, John—
There you go again, John;
Now perked up in a corner,
Like jaunty Jacky Horner;
Now clambering up the chimney
With springy step and slim knee,
Till, open-mouthed, you whip down
An ounce of soot; then slip down,
And run to daddy, crying—
"Odzooks, papa, I'm dying:" (5)
Or else, with glib intention,
You puzzle your invention
To joke us; first you weep, John,
And snore as if asleep, John;
Then up you jump and cry out—
"Oh Christ, I've poked my eye out!"
When lo! directly after,
You turn us into laughter.

Well, poppet, though you bore us
With one eternal chorus;

Of harum scarum divo,
Tag rag and genitivo;
And though, you tricksy wizard,
You daily stuff your gizzard
With sugar-plums of full size,
And lollipops and bulls'-eyes, (6)
The Muse, through me, shall shed, now,
Her blessings on your head, now.

May your hours of childhood,
Like roses in a wild wood,
Shed native sweets around you,
Till sunny thoughts surround you;
And when by twilight still
You roam o'er Primrose-Hill,
Or when, by midnight dark,
You cross the Regent's Park,
May Pan, with eye so brightsome,
And cock-up nose so lightsome,
Tell you tales of tree-gods,
Of river and of sea-gods;
As how from lover's lay
Daphne stole away;
How by Tempè's fountain
She ran, and Pindus' mountain,
While chesnut, vine, and hop-leaf
Rung aloud with "Stop thief!"
And, to love a martyr,
Apollo followed *arter;* (7)
Or how that Colchian witch,
In Jason's friendship rich,

Her father dared to whip in
A monstrous earthen pipkin, (8)
To boil him up with lamb
And caper-sauce and ham,
And then, as I'm a sinner,
To dish him up for dinner!

Your father, too, my own John,
We'll not let him alone, John,
But, with prophetic glee,
Declare how time will be
When nations shall proclaim
The triumphs of his fame,
And story pile on story
In honour of his glory.
So now good night, my Johnny;
Put your night-cap on ye; (9)
And mind, you little jewel,
Mind you drink your gruel,
Or else, despite your tears, John,
Papa will box your ears, John.

DIGRESSION

ON

THE FAMILY OF WARREN

AT THE TIME OF THE CRUSADES. (10)

By C. M.

The encounter between the Latin and the Moslem world, which for several centuries darkened the moral and political aspect of society, is relieved by few glimmerings of intellectual light. Nature recoils with horror from the cruelties, and with shame from the habitual folly and senselessness, which marked the prosecution of the sanguinary and vainglorious contest. Yet, in wandering over the gloomy expanse of fanaticism and crime, the diligent historian may discover some fairer traces of the human mind; and his philosophic eye will contemplate with pleasure at least one episode in the first crusade. I imitate, with pride and satisfaction, the example of a great authority in rescuing from oblivion the early fortunes of a noble house, whose foundations were planted on the shores of Asia. But I am, in one respect, happier than my great precursor in the subject

of the present digression, which I propose to append to the next edition of my work: I am not called upon to blush for the degeneracy of the family whose founder has engaged my attention. My labours are refreshed by the conviction, that while his achievements ennoble my task, the immortality of my pages will neither be sullied nor depreciated by the disgrace and decay of his illustrious descendants.

I pretend not to develop the origin of Michael de la Warene, but I can collect from a jejune and anonymous chronicler, that he had filled with spotless integrity a station in the household of Robert Curthose, Duke of Normandy. The voluptuous Robert has been commended or reproached for the luxurious hospitality of his board, and a long train of culinary vassals swelled the wasteful extravagance of his palace. The classical reader will be interested in the fact that the Apician precepts were understood and practised by his cook, Peter de la Warene: and Michael, the friend and cousin of Peter (they were brother's sons), followed his lord to the East. But the careless Robert was unable (so great was his poverty) to arm his retainers, and the gravity of history is disturbed by the assurance that Michael de la Warene was equipped from the armoury of the kitchen. But the cousin of the cook was superior to the caprices of accident, and the stewpan, the jack-chain, and the spit, were converted by the resources of genius into the helmit, the chain armour, and the lance of knighthood. Before the towers of Antioch the follower of Curthose proved the gallantry of his spirit and the

excellence of his burnished arms, and the admiration of the croises acknowledged with plaudits the merit of Michael the Polisher.

I shall not pause to repeat my narrative of the sufferings of the Franks in their passage through Asia Minor; but I may be permitted to relate a melancholy instance of the extent of their misery. In the march over the burning deserts of Phrygia, the army were oppressed with the accumulated horrors of drought and hunger. Food was utterly extinct: bare extremities were preferred to starvation, and the leather breeches and boots of the horsemen were sacrificed to the common necessities of the host. The polisher condescended with tears to his pristine vocation. His culinary skill was employed in converting his own boots into a meal for his lord, and Curthose, regarding with unfeeling merriment the naked legs of his vassal, declared his wonder that leather could furnish so exquisite a repast. But fidelity to a liege lord was regarded by the simplicity of the times as the highest exertion of virtue, and Michael (I repeat the language of the chronicler) was comforted by St. George in a dream, with the promise that the leather which he had sacrificed should become the type or greatness to his latest descendants. His faithful dog, once the turnspit of the ducal palace, and now the carrier of his baggage*, slept by his side; and the

* See my enumeration of the sumpter animals of the crusaders vol. i. p. 147. "goats, hogs, and dogs." But I cannot discover that these last were generally turnspits.

astonished Norman beheld him flayed by the knife of the saint, and felt his own legs wrapped in the reeking hide of the sufferer.

But the vision of the booted warrior was disturbed by rude alarums, and, waking on the cry that the foe were at hand, he sprang on his destrier to await the hostile shock. Countless myriads of the infidels rivalled in immensity the sands of the desert before him, and the wearied and unshodden croises despaired of their safety and cause. The wisdom of the pious Godfrey, the daring of Tancred, and the skill of the wily Bohamond were not seconded by the courage of their trembling followers. The foot-soldiers concealed their cowardice by the pretence that they were unable to march without shoes.

Peter the Hermit declared that he had vowed to proceed only as far as his sandals might carry him; and they were no more. Walter the Pennyless (he, too, was bootless) appealed to the wear of his soles to excuse his pusillanimity; and the army were scandalised by the report that Curthose himself was detained in his tent by feigned indigestion. "Behold!" exclaimed the Polisher aloud to the degenerate and astonished Latins, "Behold the boots of St. George! Do you fear to follow the saint!" The army caught the animating cry: courage was renovated by superstition; St. George himself was recognised in the hairy and unearthly apparition which rushed on the infidel host, and thousands of the slaughtered Moslems attested the belief that his aid had effected the victory of the croises. The lance of the Polisher was

impelled with terrific vigour; but his valour was not tempered with the gentler virtue of mercy to the vanquished. One hundred and twenty-three infidels knelt for pity before him, but he cruelly put them all to death, and afterwards roasted them alive.*

The soul of Michael was cast in the mould of honour, and he did not conceal from the army that if the saint had booted him, the turnspit at least had provided the materials. The information was fatal to the dogs: the croises were once more supplied with leather, and the march was joyfully resumed. But the Polisher had reaped the fruits of experience; and when hunger again overtook the camp, and Curthose supplicated for a second dinner at his hands, he respectfully protested that his conscience would not permit him to expose his lord to the repeated pains of indigestion, and the loss of martial renown. But we are assured by his simple chronicler that in this he designed, not to preserve his boots, but to save the reputation of his superior.

I regret that I cannot follow the honourable career of the Polisher to the consummation of the great Latin expedition. He died in the arms of victory before its conclusion; but his memory was embalmed by the tears of the Latin kingdom of Palestine, and three sons, the offspring of his union with a noble

* We have found that Bohamond went even farther than this:—he pursued the same singular plan of roasting the dead alive, and afterwards ate them. See my first edition vol. i p. 175. I repent that I have since altered this striking passage.

Greek, valiantly maintained the reputation of his house. Of these the eldest entered the order of the Hospitallers, the second married and settled in the East, but the youngest, Robert, the inheritor of his father's virtues and boots, and the progenitor of the illustrious line of the English Warrens, returned with Curthose to Europe, and finally established himself in our island. The toilsome march through Italy and France deprived his boots of their hair, but he discovered in the latter country the new and extraordinary art of preserving them from the destroying hand of time by a black and shining external preparation. Enriching the paternal distinction with a new sirname, Robert Black-boots, the Polisher, obtained from our first Henry the grant of lands on the present site of the Strand of the British metropolis, and bequeathed to his children as a common heir-loom the dogskin leather of St. George.

We may hesitate to adopt the belief of a rude age that Blackboots was indebted to the saint himself for the discovery of the composition which had preserved this proud relic to his modern descendants; but the historian will not be justified in concealing from the curious enquirer the existence of a singular tradition. On his death-bed Robert Blackboots the Polisher anticipated the present grandeur of his house, and foretold that a Robert de la Warene, (the Warren of the corruption or change of our tongue) should benefit and surprise the world with the discovery that boots in general may be rendered as dark and as polished—perhaps too as durable—as the Black-boots of St. George himself.

CARMEN TRIUMPHALE.

By R. S.

Robert Southey

Last eve as I sate in my room that looks o'er the church of Saint Clement,
(*Nota Bene:* I had but of late arrived in town upon business,)
I ordered my boots for a walk, my boots that polished and pointed,
Bright on their surface display the beauty of Warren's jet blacking:
Now you must know that my man, in his speed to reply to my summons,
Brought me my Wellington boots, but never once thought of the boot-hooks;
So to allay my spleen by calm and ennobling reflections,
Such as might wile the time disturb'd by my valet's omission,
I sate me down in a chair, and thus apostrophised Warren.
"Pontiff of modern art! whose name is as noted as mine is,
Noted for talent and skill, and the cardinal virtues of manhood,

Receive this tribute of praise from one whose applause
is an honour.
I am he who sang of Roderick, the last of the Goths,
and
Gothic enough it was, I'm told, in metre and mean-
ing;
Thalaba too was mine, that wild and wondrous effu-
sion,
Madoc and Joan of Arc, and the splendid curse of
Kehama;
If I then, the author of these and other miraculous
volumes,
And a laurell'd bard to boot, laud thee, oh my
Warren, in epic
Verse, both peasant and peer will echo thy name
o'er the West end,
And thus shall it be with the man whom S——y
delighteth to honour.—
Already I hear thy puffs discussed in the circle at
Almack's,
Dusking with sable shade the light of the Scotch
Ariosto;
Already I hear them arranged for the violincello by
Smart, and
Melting on syren lips in lieu of Italian bravuras:
Braham at Drury Lane, the Stephens at proud Covent
Garden,
Dwell on each soul-stirring rhyme as a lover dwells
on the moonlight,
When by its virgin beam his nymph hurries onward
to kiss him.

"Through thee in the season of spring, oh pride of the modern creation!!!
Beauty sets off by night each grace of her whirligig ankle,
When to the music of harps in dulcet symphonies sounding,
She waltzes with twinkling twirl, and butterfly bucks hover round her;
Thee she hails as a friend, while her pumps, in the pride of their polish,
Illume the ball-room floor like the slippers of famed Cinderella.—
In Brighton thy name is known, and waxeth important at Cheltenham;
Travels *per coach* to Bath, that exceedingly beautiful city;
Thence crossing the channel to Wales, it stirs up attention at Swansea;
Or flees with the speed of a dove o'er the mountainous ridges of Snowden,
Till valley, and rock, and glen, ring aloud with 'Buy Warren's Blacking.'

"But not unto Britain alone is thy fame, Robert Warren, confined: o'er
The civilised regions of Europe, believe me, 'tis equally honoured;
For when, as proof of the fact, I rambled through Switzerland lately,
And, spent with the labour of travel, put up in the vale of Chamouny,

My boots by the waiter were bathed in the luminous
dew of thy blacking:
This, as you well may guess, astonished my nerves
not a little;
So, flaming with zeal, I said, 'Now tell me, oh waiter,
I pray thee,
Th' extent of this tradesman's fame in the vales of
the Switzer, that straight I
May note it down as a hint for some future edition of
travels?'
Then blythe the waiter assured me, that thorough
Chamouny, the splendour
Of Warren's name beamed joy, as the snow on the
summit of Jura,
Tinged by the occident ray, sheds glory and gladness
around it,
While villages bask in its smiles:—meantime I con-
tinue my carmen.—
Thrice honoured artist, who hast a minstrel like me
to commend thee!
Year upon year may roll, but you never will get such
another;
For I am the bard of time, the puffer of peer or of
peasant,
Whether Russ, German, or French, Whig, Radical,
Ultra, or Tory,
Provided my *sack-butt* is paid with a *butt of sack* for
each bouncer.
Hence, nobles are proud to bow to my laurelled head
at Saint James's,

Deeming his Majesty's grace dispensed through me,
for they well know
His Majesty loves in his heart my political creed.
(*Nota Bene*,
I will not swear that he does; but is it not likely, oh
Europe?)"

Here I concluded my stave, for my valet return'd
with my boot-hooks;
So taking my hat in my hand, a remarkably requisite
practice,
I sought that widening gulf where the Strand with a
murmur susurrous
Flows into Pall Mall east, like Thames at the Nore
into ocean:
Here I stood rapt awhile, commending the buildings
around me,
Especially Waterloo Place, with which I was highly
delighted;
Till hearing the clock strike eight, I returned to my
Strand habitation,
And heard the bell from St. Clement's toll, toll
through the silence of evening.

THE

TRIUMPH OF WARREN.

A CAMBRIDGE PRIZE POEM.

By C. H. T.

As when young day first blushes in the skies,
Each virgin flowret starts with glad surprise,
Thus when the name of Warren greets the eye,
Thrills with angelic bliss each passer-by,
More proud than king Belshazzar to recal
The scroll inscribed on Media's festive wall.
Illustrious sage! thy name from pole to pole
Darts from the eye electric to the soul;
Star, Post, and Globe, the Courier, and the Times,
Attest thy fame, and circulate thy rhymes;
While in thy deep Pactolian pockets glow
Rich streams of gold, that jingle as they flow.

Descend, ye Nine! inspire this classic verse,
As Warren's rise enraptured I rehearse;
Paint in apt phrase his scientific mind—
Ah, bootless task! The Muse in wing confined,

Resigns th' ambitious essay with a sigh,
For vain thy task, impossibility.
Thus when the two straight lengthened lines, A B,
Pant to incarcerate an inner C,
A chases B, and B flies after A,
As bailiff hunts poetic runaway;
But vain their points ad infinitum race,
For two straight lines can ne'er inclose a space. (11)
Here halt we, Muse, nor alien themes prolong,
Alien alike to Warren and to song.

Time was when dulness, with Bæotian sway,
Dimmed the faint sun of Albion's earlier day,
Checked art's advance, and bade aspiring worth
Unhonoured fade like things of baser earth;
Then fashion's radiance scorn'd th' ignoble heel,
And sable shoes twirl'd darkling in the reel;
No prurient polish lit the ball-room floor,
With fatuus flash from instep of threescore;
All—all was gloom, and dandies in the dumps
Danced in responsive dulness to their pumps,
Like some town hack, that spavined, old, and blind,
Trots to the music of his broken wind.

Thus art's dun night hung cloudy o'er the times,
When famed alike for virtue and for rhymes,
Warren arose from science' lengthened sleep,
A Phœbus towering o'er the subject deep;
Slow to applaud his worth the world awoke,
And faint in tone its early praises spoke:

Awhile the sable spirit of his jet
Neglected shone—an embryo Mahomet;
No rapt enthusiast hailed its fœtus flame,
No Strand Mæcænas spurr'd it on to fame,
Gradual, as time, it won its silent way,
From grim Spitsbergen's coast to far Cathay,
Till stung with sudden shame from shore to shore
Repentant worlds with floods of praise ran o'er.
So when some spinster, with seductive art,
Blockades a bachelor's predestined heart,
Each tempting bait with varied wiles she tries,
To lure her prey, as spiders bob for flies;
In vain her victim chafes in angered mood,
Loves sudden glow inflames his rebel blood,
Till round his heart a viewless web is spun,
And fleshes twain resolve themselves to one.

Genius of Solomon! awake, arise;
Speed on angelic pinion from your skies;
For lo, Eternal Warren's Jet divine,
Dusks the proud lustre of thine anodyne!
E'en Granta's steed-compelling sons rehearse,
In classic phrase his eulogistic verse;
E'en Isis' thriftless youths uphold his trade,
(Ah wondrous luck if ever he be paid!)
Till, as clear streams reflect the tippling ass,
His wide-spread fame adorns this age of brass.—
Thrice honoured age of churches and of quacks,
Of Scotch orations, Liston, and Almack's:
Each summer gale or winter blast that roars,
Puffs some new folly to thy guileless shores:

See, graced by fashion, Petersham's cravats,
Hoby's spring boots, and Dando's dandy hats;
On wings of gas see aëronauts arise,
The Captain Cookes of undiscovered skies,
Explore new clouds, and coast around the moon,
Till burst at once the bubble and balloon;
See lottery crews, our national corsairs,
Proffer their golden sheaves, but yield the tares;
While quackery's genius, hovering o'er her isle,
Prompts each aspiring folly with a smile.

But halt, my Muse; not thine in vengeful verse
The countless dupes of fashion to rehearse;
Not thine to hurl, a cannonading scribe,
The bolt of war on quackery's mushroom tribe;
A gentler theme invites thy willing lays;—
'Mid Granta's meads, where bloom poetic bays,
'Tis thine to pluck a berry from each bough,
And twine the wreath round Warren's classic brow.

THE

GIRL OF SAINT MARY-AXE.

By B. C.

The melancholy catastrophe on which the following tale is founded, occurred but a few years since, in the sequestered purlieus of Saint Mary-Axe. That gentle Jewess, Ruth Isaacson, who is my unfortunate heroine, and who, as it seems from the record, was the interesting and only child of a tinker, actually died in the manner I have represented, amid the embowering shades of Hampstead. It is proper, however, to observe, that the latter part of my poem only is historical.

1.

Saint Mary-Axe! thy boast hath passed away.
Of beauty (oh! how peerless) and of love;
For hushed to stillness is the Doric lay
Of her whose gentlest breathings once could move
Thy sons to tears, as erst Dodona's grove,
Hymned divine strains (so fame the legend weaves)
While listening winds sate mourning 'mid its leaves.

2.

Santa Maria! thou hast seen, of yore,
Ruth pace in virgin pride adown thy street,

As Pyrrha paced of Eld Thessalia's shore,
Or those young Memphian maids who, with white feet,
(Like things enamoured) trod 'mid incense sweet,
And princely shapes, all radiant as the sun,
The supreme walls of famous Babylon.

3.

And thou hast seen her when the evening bells
Piped their soft music (soft as maiden's sleep)
To Hampstead's breezy hills and deep cool dells
Bidding its winds melodious harvest reap:
Hast seen her on the fresh sward pause and weep,
Till the dwarf oak, upreared to mimic height,
Grew a grey giant in the shades of night.

4.

While thus I write: lo, through my casement peers
Crescented Dian, pale as when beneath
Her smile White Galatea, child of tears,
Sought the boy Acis over hill and heath;
But she is gone, and round her name the wreath
Of poesy is twined: so shall it be,
Young daughter of Saint Mary-Axe, with thee.

5.

Her (Ruth's) life flowed unnoticed as the rill
That hymns sweet fetches in the ear of May,
When, amid forests lone, (while winds are still)
Its gentle waves keep tuneful holiday.
Oh radiant creature! well may poet's lay

Attune thy praise; for ne'er in Phrygian shade,
The lusty Pan kissed a so dainty maid.

6.

Oft in her father's shop, (he was a tinker,)
This sylph would sit and read the livelong day;
Until each casual customer would think her
Mad (or at least a little touched that way);
But she nought heeded their derisive say,
But honied verse perused, and tale of pathos
Tinged with no slight infusion of the bathos.

7.

She read how Faunus wooed impassioned maids
In the hushed twilight of Sicilian groves;
And how, 'mid Tempe's amaranthine shades,
(Beautiful Tempe! where those blue-eyed loves,
The wood-nymphs, stray o'night,) meek Hylas roves,
Mourning his girl with fever-phrenzied brain,
And worshipping ever her divine disdain.

8.

Oh, then her fair full bosom's ample flow
Would heave like billows on a summer sea;
And her fond heart, inflamed with kindred glow,
Would sigh for climes where witching spirits be;
And thus years came and vanished, until she
(Ruth) shone a female gem of purest water,
Like Amphitrite, the great Neptune's daughter. (12)

9.

'Twas then that, one May morn, when woods be green,
And wanton winds make love to Lisson Grove,
There came a stranger of majestic mien,
To purchase (mercenary thought!) a stove;
Towards the counter Ruth beheld him move,
Proud as when Dardon Paris first espied
Coy Venus 'mid the flowering woods of Ide.

10.

They blushed (this beauteous twain) in sure collision
Nature had struck from them a mutual fire;
Each esteemed each a rare and matchless vision,
And lit the burning *match* of young desire;
Like the famed bird that fans its funeral pyre,
Passion, self-nursed, inflamed their fevered brain,
Till the hot blood ran burning through each vein.

11.

In sentimental phrase that maiden loves,
The stranger roved through city, camp, and court;
Discoursed of sunny climes and sable groves,
And stars, and sylphid forms that stream athwart
The floor of heaven, where skiey souls resort,
And beauty's violet veins, which, full and fresh,
Flow like spring-rills through bloomy meads of flesh.

12.

Then, too, he spake of swains who died in youth,
Nipped by the frost of virgin's sharp disdain,
Till, by such tale subdued, enamoured Ruth

Showered from her eyes (twin-stars) an April rain;
But vain the passionate fever of her brain:
Despite each glance the stranger bade adieu,
Shouldered his stove, (oh, ingrate!) and withdrew.

13.

And who is he, the eloquent, the proud—
The stranger idol of Saint Mary's maid?
None could declare; like silvery summer-cloud,
That wraps the mighty Dian in its shade,
He passed. Oh, love! thy hopes in distance fade,
As, from the young mind's fancy-peopled halls,
Wane nereids, sylphs, and tipsy bacchanals.

14.

Twilight is come, and to her couch hath crept,
In tears, this love-sick, delicate-visaged child:
Strange visions gleamed around her while she slept,
Of broken hearts that pined in deserts wild;
Beautiful, innocent ladies, with their mild
And wedded lords, rose shrouded from the dead.
(*Mem.* Each mild lord wore antlers on his head.)

15.

Anon the dream was changed; she seemed to walk
Over far hills and orange meads and flowers,
While by her side, enwrapt in dreamy talk,
Stood the beloved stranger: the swift hours
Flew lightly o'er their heads, as summer showers;
And their fresh bridal bed, 'mid odorous vales,
Heard the voluptuous plaint of nightingales.

16.

Then blushes fired their cheeks, and scorching sighs
Breathed the warm spirit of the nuptial night;
The stars winked blithely from th' o'erarching skies,
And the young moon, fast flashing into light,
Reeled in her orb; then waning from the sight,
Went veiled o'er hill and dale, like maiden coy,
To kiss the pale cheek of her Latmos boy.

17.

But soon the vision fades, and morn again
Climbs the blue-vaulted staircase of the sky;
The lark sings farewell to stream, wood, and plain,
But Ruth nought heeds its matin psalmody—
Alone she loves to sit, alone to sigh
In maiden shame, or with weak eye-sight follow
The dying bravery of the god Apollo.

18.

Thus summer fled, and yellow autumn bowed
To earth the auburn tresses of the grove—
Old Boreas blew his brazen trump aloud,
And called on winter from his halls above:
He came, and Ruth (white creature!) joyed to rove
Beneath his frown, when wild winds, in their flight,
Howled shrill December to the ear of night.

19.

And thus she faded, very like a whale
Struck by some northern fisherman's harpoon;
None (no, not e'en the tinker!) knew her tale—

For love is delicate as the rose of June;
But to that lady of the sky (the moon)
She told how soon, beneath the flushing sod,
She (Ruth) should slumber for her stranger god.
* * * * *

20.

There is a story that some lady came
To th' Exhibition; and while she (last May)
Was gazing at the portraits and the fame
Of colour that flashed o'er them, that same day
A tall girl entered: through the fair array
She passed; then sudden with emphatic nod,
Faultered aloud, "The Stranger Youth, by G—d."

21.

Yes, Ruth, 'tis he, th' all perfect portrait glows
'Neath the bland smile of innocence and love;
Rich, pure, Elysian, as in beauty flows
Pactolus (moon-lit) through Thessalian grove;
Oh, king Apollo! oh Saturnian Jove!
Oh Momus, Mars, Mercurius and the rest,
Ye wane before this day-star of the West.

22.

Grace on his brow, and grandeur in his eye,
Sits throned in triumph; the warm portrait speaks,
And from his sturdy figure, (six foot high,)
And from his square broad shoulders, and his cheeks,
Flushed like Sicilian skies with ruby streaks,

A sentiment breathes out; while, firm as rocks,
His mutton fists seem born to fell an ox.

23.

The tall girl blushed in rapturous modesty,
To view this strapping stranger youth again;
And on the catalogue her hungry eye
Fed (for a distraught impulse fired her brain)
And lo! the stranger stands revealed; for plain
She sees writ down, as if by Love's command,
"PORTRAIT OF WARREN, NUMBER 30, STRAND!"

24.

Adown that Strand she rushed with printless speed,
As coy Camilla scoured the Dardan vales,
And felt her passionate bosom inly bleed
With doubt, that strongest amid hope prevails.
Sensitive, beautiful child! Ah, what avails
Thy love! too soon its ardour hath miscarried,
For he (de Varenne*) has been three years married.

25.

Yet still she gazed on his averted face,
Cowed 'neath the spell of its stern witchery;
And "Oh, let love thy harsher thoughts erase!
"And, while impassioned Ruth stands weeping by,
"Smile, (sweet one!) from the winter of thine eye

* De Varenne is the Provencal translation of Warren. Vide my Poem on Eva de Varenne, "The Girl of Provence."—B. C.

"Yon chilly blast," she cried, with heart o'erfull;
But he replied, "No, *blast* me if I wooll!" (13)

26.

She heard and sighed in hopeless anguish deep,
And never more at mellow eve or morn,
With punctual pathos failed for hours to weep—
She stood in tears like maiden all forlorn
Who milked (fond wench) the cow with crumpled horn,
And on her paling cheek, by woe bespent,
Decay sat throned in divine blandishment.

27.

At times, in sunset silence, she would sit
And pick a rose to pieces, and, while lay
The ruins on the floor, her pensive fit
Would joy to mark its colours fade away;
"And thus," she cried, "will this here soul decay." (14)
Then, bending her sweet form in mute distress,
Would weep (ah me!) from very gentleness.

28.

Anon, within her luminous kid shoes,
Bright with her lover's blacking, she would see
(*Faithfully imaged*) her wan countenance lose
Its early lustre, and the innocent glee
That once illumed her eye with sunshine, flee
Like light, when (summer past) each despot cloud
Coffins the long November in its shroud.

29.

And if she chanced to walk, each heartless wall
Brought back her lover's image to her mind;
For, chalked on church-yard, lane, and Hicks's Hall,
"Buy Warren's Blacking" whitened in the wind;
Each newspaper evinced his gifted mind,
And oft his puffs, thick-set in dainty rhymes,
Flamed (like Provençal star-light) in the Times.

30.

The Courier too, the Herald, and the Post,
Bell's Weekly Messenger, the Real John Bull,
Puffed his jet goods (four times a month at most)
In poesy which the laurel wreath might pull
From Tasso's or divine Boccacio's skull;
And these fond Ruth would read, while gentle sighs
Heaved her white breast, and tears bedimmed her eyes.

31.

This must have end; and like a dream she passed,
Passed from the threshold of her native home:
No mother mourn'd her loss when, downward cast,
The dry dust rattled on her virgin tomb:
Alone she lived, alone within the gloom
Of death she slumbers, never more to rove,
A martyred outcast, through the world of love.

32.

She died at day-break, in her white chemise;
At half-past two o'clock, (it might be three,)

The doctor came and found her on her knees,
Warbling aloud a Hebrew melody;
She ceased on his approach, and, with faint glee,
Hymned a low tune, (sung partly through her nose,)
And WARREN'S BLACKING was the theme she chose.

33.

She died, and lovely in her sleep she lay,
As lies Apollo in his golden hour
Of rest; no slow disease, no dull decay,
With mildewy withering finger, passed her o'er;
But swift and sudden as a summer flower,
(Cut for some beautiful breast,) or mountain rill,
Life's spirit ebbed—then lay for ever still.

34.

Thus perished Israel's pride, but o'er her waves
Spring's first-born daisy; the lone bird is there,
The bird who loves to mourn at eve o'er graves
Where beauty sleeps, the gentle and the fair;
And whispering as it goes, the tremulous air,
With voice of girlish fondness, seems to cry,
"BUY WARREN'S BLACKING!" to each passer by.

THE

SABLE SCHOOL OF POETRY.*

By B. M.

Blackwood's Magazine?

We are desirous, my public, of talking with you on two subjects of infinite national importance, to wit, ourselves and Warren's Blacking. As our rheumatism (thanks to the Odontist) is somewhat abated, and we are now seated at Ambrose's, with a jug of hot toddy on one side of us, and our beloved O'Doherty on the other (15), we intend to be exceedingly amiable, eloquent, and communicative. But by the bye, when were we ever otherwise? Our dispositions, like our alimentary organs, are always gently open; and though some pluckless flutterlings of Cockaigne may wince at the occasional effervescence of our Tory bile, yet the majority of the civilised world will bear witness to our benevolent genius. And well, indeed, may they do so, for with our sweeping besom of reform we have stirred up a revolution not only in periodical literature, but in every department of science. Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Tho-

* We have just received a bale of Mr. Warren's poetical advertisements, which we shall take an early opportunity of noticing.—C. N.

mas Lawrence owe their reputation especially to us. We and Buonaparte were among the first to point out the talents of the one, and we introduced the other to the notice of his present Majesty.

Standing then as we do upon the very pinnacle of popularity, and aware that every man of talent we encourage is immediately received at court, we are cautious in disseminating our patronage. But when such scientific characters as Pierce Egan, regius professor of pugilism, or Robert Warren, poet and manufacturer, solicit our aid, we are nervously alive to their interests. The latter gentleman in particular we have long marked, as Doctor Johnson observed of Milton, "stealing his way in a sort of subterranean current through fear and silence," and we determined to take the earliest opportunity of encouraging his virtuous perseverance. This intention we communicated to him last year, but as month after month rolled on without a notice, he resolved to remind us of it in the following delicate manner. It seems that Mr. Blackwood is in the daily habit of opening his own shop-windows, and on going the other morning for that express purpose, he was astonished to see chalked up on the left-hand shutter, "Buy Warren's Blacking." Now could any hint, my public, be more modestly characteristic than this? Not "Puff Warren's Blacking," or "Write an article on Warren's Blacking," but simply and negatively, "Buy Warren's Blacking;" thus connecting us in exhortation with the uninterested majority of his patrons. And this delicate remembrancer is a Cockney! One

who makes use of his grandmother's shin-bone for a switch, bedecks himself in yellow breeches, and dispenses with the luxury of a cravat. But no, we beg his pardon, Robert Warren is no Cockney; he is of the land of William Wallace and Christopher North; and for any man to assert that he is not, is about as ridiculous as to assert that Doctor Parr performed Harlequin in the late pantomime.

In directing, then, the attention of the universe to Mr. Warren, we are anxious that it should consider him not merely as a manufacturer of blacking, but as the FOUNDER OF A NEW SCHOOL OF VERSE, an opinion which we boldly rest on the ground of his poetical advertisements. With the exception of ourselves, and a few of the Lake writers, he is the most accomplished versifier of his day. Byron may, perhaps, be more gloomily magnificent, but Warren has a purer invention, full even to overflowing, of those fanciful humanities which shed a sweet and holy charm over the poetry of Wordsworth and Wilson. In opening a subject, he steps into it as he would into his shoes, with the familiarity of an acquaintance; and whatever character of feeling he may describe, whether it be a cock mistaking a pair of boots for a looking glass, or a gentleman adrasing his beard by the same sort of luminous dumb-waiter, till you feel that the mighty minstrel draws his every charm from the intense sensibility of self. But it is in delineating the sober feelings of humanity, that Mr. Warren is more immediately successful; he is the Wordsworth of commerce, and revolts from scenes of hor-

ror to dwell with affectionate interest on subjects of familiar nature. In this respect he resembles the Lake writers; but as their characters and descriptions are all drawn from the country, while those of Warren are confined in their localities to the Strand, and in their incidents to commerce, a sufficient difference exists to warrant us in holding him out as the founder of a new school.

In the poetry of *things in general*, his genius is equally felicitious. Even a pair of boots become in his eye creatures of loveliness and life, like the consecrated white doe of Rylstone. Thus, too, in walking the Strand, if he comes in sudden contact with a gutter, he does not vulgarly avoid it for its capacity of bespattering his pantaloons, but connects it with the streams of his native land, where the rivers glide "at their own sweet will," unless, like the Caledonian canal, they are taught to glide at the "will" of others. On the same ideal principle a sow is not to him a mere guttling porker; it is either the "savage of the wild," or the "sovereign of the stye." In the latter case he associates it in thought with images of royal magnificence. Its bristles are the sceptres of its majesty, its grunt the thunders of its voice, and even its salt bacon recalls the attic *salt* of the philosophic *Verulam*.

This is the true secret of imagination, of that "divine faculty," which enables its owner to see deeper into things in general than the less gifted majority of mankind; to discover philosophy in a pedlar, poetry in a travelling tinker, and in the intestines of the

buttercup, "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." In a word, this is the sole secret of genius, and hence it follows that many of our most imaginative but neglected authors have been enabled by its exercise to detect a bailiff in every stranger that accosts them.

The only fault we have to find with Mr. Warren consists in his excessive egotism. Though his genius, like some coy maid, loves to wander among scenes of congenial gentleness, amid the groves of Lisson, and the umbrageous walls of Kensington and London, yet he would have his walls inscribed with exhortations to "Buy Warren's Blacking," and teach his groves to lisp its praise. In spite, however, of this defect, which he shares in common with the choicest spirits of the age, his advertisements are peculiarly popular; and knowing, as we do, the sympathetic sensibilities of their minds, we can conceive nothing more pregnant with advantage to literature, that a matrimonial alliance between the rival schools of Warren and Wordsworth. Of Byron we say nothing, he is decidedly inferior to both; but it is clear that the suburban fancy of Warren would blend beautifully with the sylvan imagination of Wordsworth; their homely dialect would meet in exact accordance, and the pedlars and jack-asses of the one prove an interesting counterpart to the cock and boots of the other.

We must now suspend our criticism, and say a few words upon Robert in his well-known capacity of manufacturer. His blacking, then, upon which he principally plumes himself, merits every commenda-

tion that his poetry has so eloquently bestowed on it. To boots, shoes, and all the family of the leathers, it answers the purpose of aqua-vitæ, by strengthening them with a spirit of rejuvenescence that it is *truly refreshing* to behold. It would suit Saint Leon to a T. With the alchymist's elixir for himself in one pocket, and Warren's elixir for his boots in the other, he might still wear imperishable apparel. Even Africa is now becoming sensible of its merits, for O'Doherty assures us, that when he was with his regiment at the Cape, he messed with a corps of Hottentots, who were all dressed in Hessian-boots, and solemnly assured him, that they needed no better looking-glasses.

In Europe, we are happy to observe, that its circulation is equally marvellous. Wherever Blackwood's Magazine goes, (*et quæ carent nostro ora libro?*) Warren's blacking accompanies it; and our kind Cossack correspondent, who dates from the Wolga, informs us, that he saw them both slumbering in peaceful fellowship together on the borders of Crim Tartary. Conceive, then, its enormous circulation! We sell about 30,000 magazines monthly, and Warren must be hard at our heels. So astonishing indeed is his present popularity, that at Holland House he is said to be the GREAT UNKNOWN. This, however, is a falsehood of the whigs, for we have every reason to believe, that Sir William Curtis is the author of the Scotch novels. (16)

Thus much by way of eulogium on Warren; but before we conclude, we cannot help reverting to our-

selves in the instance of a recent calumny, which was evidently intended to ruin us in the eyes of Europe. It has been whispered in the upper circles, that we have accepted the office of prime minister, on condition of colleaguing with Lord Grey. This bloodthirsty bouncer we have traced to the same wretches who accused his Majesty of being a sylph, and can only say in answer, that like Cæsar we have *three several times* refused the seals; for after the backsliding of our once honoured contributor Tims, who (we are shocked to say) has married his grandmother, we have felt little inclination to enter into public life. But could we ever do so without compromising our principles, Robert Warren should be our poet-laureate.

THE CHILDE'S PILGRIMAGE.

By Lord B~~yron~~

I.

Whilome in Limehouse docks there dwelt a youth,
Childe Higgins hight, the child of curst ennui,
Despair, shame, sin, with aye assailing tooth,
Had worn his beauty to the bone.—Ah me!
A lone unloving libertine was he;
For reft of health and hope's delusive wiles,
And tossed in youth on passion's stormy sea,
He stood a wreck 'mid its deserted isles,
Where vainly pleasure wooes and syren woman smiles.

2.

He was a merchant, 'till ennui'd with toil
Of counting house turned but to small account,
Sated of home, and Limehouse' leaden soil,
Nee more to his dried heart a freshening fount
Of kindly feelings; he aspired to mount
To intellectual fame, for when the brain
Is dulled by thoughts aye fearful to surmount,

When youth, hope, love, essay their charms in vain,
The rake-hell turns a blue as doth his sky again.

3.

Thus turned the Childe, when in the Morning Post,
The Herald, Chronicle, and eke the Times,
He read with tasteful glee a daily host
Of the Strand bard's self-eulogistic rhymes;
He read, and fired with zeal, resolv'd betimes
A pilgrim to that ministrel's shrine to move,
As Allah's votaries in Arabian climes
To far Medina's hallowed altar rove,
There low to bend before the idol of their love.

4.

He left his home, his wife without a sigh,
And trod with pilgrim-pace the Limehouse road;
The morn beamed laughing in the dark blue sky,
And warm the sun on post and pavement glowed:
Each varied mile new charms and churches showed,
But sceptic Higgins jeered the sacred band;
For his full tide of thought with scorn o'erflowed,
Or deep immersed in objects grave and grand,
Dwelt on the Warren's fame, at Number Thirty, Strand.

5.

He passed Whitechapel in such ireful mood,
Where murdered muttons bob to every wind;

He saw the runnels red with bestial blood,
Their lazy streams through street and alley wind:
He saw and sickened in his inmost mind,
Felt how the heart with savage spleen ycrammed,
In blood alone can strange endearment find;
But such is man, (each pure affection shammed,)
Mean, heartless, lawless, dull, detestable, and damned.

6.

A truce to thought, for attic Billingsgate
Already lures the pilgrim from his road;
Awe-struck he sees each naiad and her mate,
Haggling for halfpence with some river god,
Her Doric dialect, beautiful as broad,
Her plump cheek redolent of *ancient grease*,
Her *fleecy* hose with yellow worsted sewed,
Recall proud Athen's days, its *golden fleece*,
Its academic wits, and fame that nee shall cease.

7.

Not so thy street, Bœotian Leadenhall!
Famed for new novels, *leaden all* and dull;
Though wags thy library "Minerva" call,
Yet very British is Minerva's skull.—
Her brainless books seem'd doom'd to gather wool,
Or sold to vile cheesemongers by the pound,
To scour the soulless sculleries of John Bull,
While pots and pans (not sylvan) aye surround
Each panic-stricken tome, despite its lore profound.

8.

And this is fame, that covetous cooks' shops
Should form the graves of every martyr'd work,
That Southey's strains should wrap up mutton chops,
Or Cheshire cheese anoint the leaves of Burke.—
That Theodore Ducas—Catiline—should lurk
'Mid Granger's sweets, with Wordsworth's Peter Bell,
Or Chalmers's Lecture on the Scotish kirk
Sleep with its fathers in some London hell,
Some fruiterer's fruitful shelf where dirt and dulness dwell.

9.

But, lo, th' Exchange! a busy world is here,—
A world of knaves in wide confusion blent;
Here beams the smile,—there falls th' unheeded tear,
For stock well-purchased, or for gold ill-spent.
All are on one fool's errand madly bent,
And Turk and Christian pass unnoticed by,
While Israel's son's nee more to discontent
A prey,—the new Jerusalem espy,
In this barbaric booth, this fair of vanity.

10.

Ah me! how grovelling is the mind of man!
How fixed on perishable hopes, and mean!
Wealth, honour, pride, engross his paltry span

Of life,—then leave him scathed in heart as mien.—
Here where I stand, the spirit of the scene
Enchains all hearts with talismanic spell,
In vain aspiring youth with blossoms green,
Bedeck'd comes forth;—here Mammon tolls his knell,—
And round him weaves the chain of avarice and of hell.

11.

Th' Exchange is past, the Mansion House appears,
Surpris'd the Childe surveys its portly site,
Dim dreams assail him of convivial years,
And keener waxes his blunt appetite.—
Luxurious visions whelm his fancy quite,
Of calipash and eke of calipee,
While sylphs of twenty stone steal o'er his sight,
Smiting their thighs with blythe Apician glee,
And licking each his lips right beautiful to see.

12.

'Twas here they tucked,—these unctuous city sprites,—
'Twas here like geese they fattened and they died,
Here turtle reared for them her keen delights,
And forests yielded their cornuted pride.—
But all was vain, 'mid daintiest feasts they sighed;

Gout trod in anger on each hapless toe ;
Stern apoplexy pummelled each fat side,
And dropsy seconded his deadly blow,
'Till floored by fate they sunk to endless sleep below.

13.

But hark, the hum of multitudes, the roar
Of carts and coaches, and the various squalls
Or cries, that pierce the ear-drum's inmost core,
Have roused the Childe's attention at Saint Paul's.
Cheapside to near Guildhall in thunder calls,
Guildhall replies, of lungs with justice proud ;
Milk-street and Lothbury, glad to join the brawls,
Have found a tongue, while Wood-street from her shroud
Rebellows to Lad-lane, who calls to her aloud.

14.

And in the midst, as leader of the band,
Stands the magnificent Saint Paul's ;—he towers
Sublime to heaven, by winnowing breezes fanned,
Unknown on lower earth ;—the rattling showers,
The storm, the whirlwind that in vengeance lowers,
Pass him unharm'd ;—he lifts his giant brow,
As if in mockery of their puny powers,
Or rapt in clouds like conscious guilt in woe,
Soars from the vulgar ken a mystery as now.

15.

Something too much of this; but now 'tis past,
And Fleet-street spreads her busy vale below:
Lo! proud ambitious gutters hurry past,
To rival Thames in full continuous flow;
The Inner Temple claims attention now,
That Golgotha of thick and thread-bare skulls,
Where modest merit pines in chambers low,
And impudence his oar in triumph pulls
Along the stream of wealth, and snares its rich sea-gulls.

16.

Hail to this shrine of barristers and brass!
Of wigs and wags of learning and of lead!
Solomon's brazen temple—but alas!
With old king Log, king Solomon instead.
Ye gifted spirits of the legal dead,
Will none arise to grace degraded law?
Vain hope, despite the lore of each long head,
Satan hath found their lives a moral flaw,
And on them, bailiff-like, hath laid his ebon paw.

17.

And thus the world is rife alone with fools,
Who clank in chains while fashion holds the noose;
Court, camp, and church,—what are they but the tools
Of sin, shame, slang, buffoonery, and abuse?
Momus with man has made a lasting truce.

And hence our patriots puff,—our warriors bray,—
Hence critics flood us with a muddy sluice
Of maudlin prose,—hence cant holds sovereign sway,
And sinless saints are spurn'd, while sainted sinners pray.

18.

Our life is one fierce fever—death the leech
Who lulls each throb;—the has been, and to be;—
The sole divine whose welcome aid can teach
The mysteries of a dread futurity.—
Come when he may, his advent will to me
Be spring and sunshine, for my soul is dark,
And o'er the billows of life's shoreless sea,
A sea uncheer'd by hope's celestial ark,
Cradled in storms and winds floats lone my little bark.

19.

Thus mused the Childe, as thoughtful he drew near
The sacred shrine of Number Thirty, Strand,
And saw bright glittering in the hemisphere—
Like stars on moony nights—a sacred band
Of words that formed the bard's cognomen—grand
Each letter shone beneath the eye of day,
And the proud sign-boot, by spring breezes fanned,

Shot its deep brass reflections o'er the way,
As shoots the tropic morn o'er meads of Paraguay.

20.

Childe Higgins hied him to this bless'd abode—
Not forked Parnassus—Crete's Olympian hill—
Not Ilium's plain—by kings and warriors trod—
Calypso's cavern, Aganippe's rill,
Or Circe's isle famed for enchantment still—
Ere thrilled his soul with such intense delight
As thrilled it now when Warren's magic till
Thro' each shop-window gleamed upon his sight,
Clear as Italian dawn that gilds the brow of night.

21.

But I forget—my pilgrim's shrine is won—
And he himself—the lone unloving Childe—
His Limehouse-birth, his name, his sandal-shoon,
And scallop shell, are dreams by fancy piled:
His dull despairing thoughts alone—once mild
As love—now dark as fable's darkest hell,
Are stern realities;—but o'er the wild
Drear desert of their blight the soothing spell
Of Warren's verse flits rare as sun-beams o'er
Pall Mall.

22.

Farewell—a word that must be and hath been—
Ye dolphin dames who turn from blue to grey,
Ye dandy drones who charm each festive scene

With brainless buzz, and frolic in your May,
Ye ball-room bards who live your little day,
And ye who flushed in purse parade the town,
Booted or shod—to you my Muse would say,
"BUY WARREN'S BLACKING," as ye hope to crown
Your senseless souls or soulless senses with renown.

THE DREAM,

A PSYCHOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.

By S. T. C. Coleridge

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER.

The following "wild and singularly original and beautiful poem" was written at the instigation of Mr. Warren, who was desirous of enrolling me among the number of his panegyrists. The circumstances that led to its original composition are as follows: I had been considering in what way I might best introduce the subject, when suddenly falling asleep over a provincial newspaper which detailed the battle between Cribb and Molineux, the thoughts of my waking hours assumed the aspect of the present poetical reverie. This to an unidead "reading public" may appear incredible, but minds of imaginative temperament are ever most active during the intervals of repose, as my late poem, entitled "The Pains of Sleep," will sufficiently attest.

Dreams in fact are to be estimated solely in proportion to their wildness; and hence a friend of mine, who is a most magnificent dreamer, imagined

but the other night that he invited a flock of sheep to a musical party. Such a *flocci*, nauci, nihili absurdity will, I am afraid, puzzle even our transcendental philosophers to explain, although Kant, in his treatise on the Phænomena of Dreams, is of opinion that the lens or focus of intestinal light ascending the œsophagus at right angles, a juxtaposition of properties takes place, so that the nucleus of the diaphragm reflecting on the cerebellum the prismatic visions of the pilorus, is made to produce that marvellous operation of mind upon matter better known by the name of dreaming.—To such *simple* and *satisfactory* reasoning what answer can be made?

Before I conclude I think it but right to observe, that the poem, with the exception of a few lines subsequently added to suit the immediate purposes of its publication, was written on the *first of April*, A.D. 1812, (17) at Nether Stowey, a small village in Somersetshire, about two miles from All Foxden, on the high western road, a little on this side of Bath, and about eighteen miles and a half from Bristol.

THE DREAM,

A PSYCHOLOGICAL CURIOSITY.

Ten minutes to ten by Saint Dunstan's clock,
And the owl has awakened the crowing cock:
Cock-a-doodle-doo,
Cock-a-doodle-doo.
If he crows at this rate in so thrilling a note,
Jesu Maria! he'll catch a sore throat.

Warren the manufacturer rich
Hath a spectral mastiff bitch;
To Saint Dunstan's clock, tho' silent enow,
She barketh her chorus of bow wow, wow:
Bow for the quarters, and *wow* for the hour;
Nought cares she for the sun or the shower;
But when, like a ghost all-arrayed in its shroud,
The wheels of the thunder are muffled in cloud,
When the moon, sole chandelier of night,
Bathes the blessed earth in light,
As wizard to wizard, or witch to witch,
Howleth to heaven this mastiff bitch.

Buried in thought O'Warren lay,
Like a village queen on the birth of May;
He listed the tones of Saint Dunstan's clock,
Of the mastiff bitch and the crowing cock

But louder, far louder, he listed a roar,
Loud as the billow that booms on the shore;
Bang, bang, with a pause between,
Rung the weird sound at his door, I ween.
Up from his couch he leaped in affright,
Oped his grey lattice and looked on the night,
Then put on his coat, and with harlequin hop
Stood like a phantom in midst of the shop;
In midst of his shop he stood like a sprite,
Till peering to left and peering to right,
Beside his counter, with tail in hand,
He saw a spirit of darkness stand;
I guess 'twas frightful there to see
A lady so scantily clad as she
Ugly and old exceedingly.

In height her figure was six feet two,
In breadth exactly two feet six,
One eye as summer skies was blue,
The other black as the waves of Styx.
Her bloodless lips did aught but pair,
For one was brown and one was fair,
And clattered like maid in hysteric fit,
Or jack that turneth a kitchen spit;
Jesu Maria! with awe, I trow,
O'Warren beheld this worricow,
For dreary and dun the death-hue came
O'er her cheek, as she traced the words of flame;
The words of flame that with mystic fuss
Are hatched from a still-born incubus,

And doom each wight who reads, to dwell
Till the birth of day in the caves of hell.

Oh! read thee not, read thee not, lord of the Strand,
The spell that subjects thee to elfin command;
Vain hope! the bogle hath marked her hour,
And Warren hath read the words of power;
Letter by letter he traced the spell,
Till the sullen toll of Saint Dunstan's bell,
And the midnight howl of the mastiff bitch,
Announced his doom to the Hallowmass witch.
Still in her grandeur she stood by,
Like an oak that uplooketh to sun and sky;
Then shouted to Warren with fitful breath;
"I'm old mother Nightmare-life-in-death; (18)
Halloo! halloo! we may not stay,
Satan is waiting; away, away;
Halloo! halloo! we've far to go,
Then hey for the devil; jee-up! jee-hoe ——"
O'Warren requested a little delay,
But the evil one muttered "too late, by my fay;"
So he put on his breeches and scampered away.

And here mote I tell how they rode on the wind,
The witch before and the Warren behind;
How they passed in a twinkling the haunts of man,
And the proud pagodas of Kubla Khan;
How they peeped at the planets like Allan-a-room,
And supped on green cheese with the man in the
moon;

Or listed the dulcimer's tremulous notes,
Or the voice of the wind through the azure that floats,
Till pillar and palace and arching sky
Rung to the mingled melody.
The eye of night is veiled in cloud,
Like a nun apparelled in sable shroud;
But the twain have past her starry dome,
And are bound to the realms of eternal gloom;
They have past the regions of upper air,
Where zephyr is born amid music rare,
And the shadows of twilight featly fall
On starry temple and cloudy hall,
Whose floors by spirits are paced, and ring
With the harp's seraphic murmuring.

Away, away, through the thunder-cloud,
Where tempest and ruin sit laughing aloud;
Away, away, through the fields of air,
Where the night-wind howls to the falling star;
This amiable couple have past, and now
They gain the swart regions of darkness and woe.
O'Warren beheld them, and shrunk with awe,
Like a client held fast in the grasp of law,
Then hymned to the Virgin for aid and for pity,
A highly correct and devotional ditty:
"Miserere Maria," he cried in despair,
While the bullet-nosed bogle drew back at the prayer,
For Mary, sweet Mary, hath power to fright,
And palsy the souls of the dæmons of night;
"Miserere Maria," he bellowed again,
And the worricow dropt her eye-tooth at the strain,

But spite of her teeth, she eschewed complaint,
Till troubled in spirit, and cowed and faint,
She collared the tradesman with horrible yell,
Then plunged with him head over heels into hell.
Oh, how its wild waves bellowed and boomed!!
Oh, how its vapours the air perfumed!!
As Warren with timid and stifled breath,
And followed by old Mrs. Life-in-death,
Moved to where Satan reclined alone,
In the silence of thought on his ebon throne.
His brow was dark as death, for care
Had heavily laid her impress there,
And throned, like a king, in his hollow eye
Sate the ghost of a sullen dignity;
His look was of hate, but grand and still
As the pine that frowns on an Alpine hill,
His figure majestic, and formed for braving,
Battle or blood—and he wanted shaving. (19)

Proudly he strode to his palace gate,
Which the witch and the Warren approached in state,
But paused at the threshold as onward they came,
And thus, with words of fever and flame,
The tradesman addressed, "Your name, Sir, is known
As a vender of *sables* wide over the town;
But in hell with proviso this praise we must mix,
For though brilliant your blacking, the water of Styx
Is blacker by far, and can throw, as it suits,
A handsomer gloss o'er our shoes and our boots."—

Answered the Warren, with choleric eye,
"Oh, king of the cock-tailed incubi! (20)
The sneer of a fiend to your puffs you may fix,
But if, what is worse, you assert that your Styx
Surpasses my blacking, ('twas clear he was vexed),
By Jove! you will ne'er stick at any thing next.
I have dandies who laud me at Paine's and Almack's, (21)
Despite Day and Martin, those emulous quacks,
And they all in one spirit of concord agree,
That my blacking is better than any black sea
Which flows thro' your paltry Avernus, I wis,"—
"Pshaw," Satan replied, "I'll be damned if it is."

The tradesman he laughed at this pitiful sneer,
And drew from his pocket, unmoved by the jeer
Of the gathering dæmons, blue, yellow, and pink,
A bottle of blacking more sable than ink;—
With the waves of the Styx in a jiffey they tried it,
But the waves of the Styx looked foolish beside it;
"You mote as well liken the summer sky,"
Quoth Warren the bold, "with an Irish stye;
The nightingale's note with the cockatoo's whine,
As your lily-white river with me or mine."

Round the brow of Abaddon fierce anger played,
At the Strand manufacturer's gasconade;
And lifting a fist that mote slaughter an ox,
He wrathfully challenged his foeman to box;
Then summoned each dæmon to form a ring,
And witness his truculent triumphing.—

The ring was formed and the twain set to,
Like little Puss with Belasco the Jew. (22)
Satan was seconded in a crack,
By Molineux, the American black,
(Who sported an oath as a civil Salam),
While Warren was backed by the ghost of Dutch Sam.—
Gentles, who fondly peruse these lays,
Wild as a colt o'er the moorland that strays,
Who thrill at each wondrous rede I tell,
As fancy roams o'er the floor of hell,
Now list ye with kindness, the whiles I rehearse
In shapely pugilistic verse,
(Albeit my fancy preferreth still
The quiet of nature,) this desperate *Mill.* (23)

The Fight.

Both men on *peeling* showed nerve and bone,
And weighed on an average *fourteen stone;*
Doffed their silk *fogle*, for battle agog,
Yellowman, *castor* and white upper *tog;*
Then sparred for a second their ardor to cool,
And rushed at each other like bull to bull.

Rounds.

1. Was a *smasher*, for Brummagem Bob*
Let fly a *topper* on Beelzebub's *nob;*

* It is currently reported at Carlton House, and the higher circles of fashion, that Robert Warren, Esq. is a native of Birmingham. "On this hint I spake."

Then followed him up over the ring with ease,
And *doubled him up* by a blow in the *squeeze*.

2. Satan was cautious in making play,
But stuck to his sparring and pummelled away;
Till the *ogles* of Warren looked *queer* in their hue,
(Here, bets upon Beelzebub; three to two.)

3. *Fibbings*, and *facers*, and *toppers* abound,
But Satan, it seems, hath the worst of the round.

4. Satan was floored by a *lunge* in the hip,
And the blood from his peepers, went drip, drip,
drip, (24)
Like fat from a goose in the dripping pan,
Or ale from the brim of a flowing can;
His *box of dominos* chattered aloud,
(Here, "Go it, Nick!" from an imp in the crowd,)
And he dropped with a *Lancashire purr* on his
back, (25)
While Bob with a *clincher* fell over him, whack.

5. Both men *piping* came up to the *scratch*,
But Bob for Abaddon was more than a match;
He *tapped* his *claret*, his mug he rent,
And made him so *groggy* with *punishment*,
That he gladly gave in at the close of the round,
And Warren in triumph was led from the ground.

Then trumpet, and timbrel, and deafening shout,
Like wind through a ruin rung lustily out,

High o'er the rocks that jut over the deep,
Where the souls of the damned to eternity weep;
Echo threw forward her answer of fear,
Dull as the dust that clanks over a bier,
Or death-watch that beats in a sick man's ear.
From the gulph where they howl to the lead-colored night,
The shadowless spectres leaped up with delight,
And "Buy Warren's Blacking" they shouted aloud,
As the night-wind sighs through a coffinless shroud.
The evil one frowned while they bellowed amain,
But "Buy Warren's Blacking" he chorussed again;
For tho' worsted in fight, yet, by order of fate,
The vanquished must temper the pulse of his hate,
And yield to the victor (his will's despite)
Unbridled sway o'er the fiends of night.
'Tis done, and sore with his recent thwacking,
Abaddon had purchased O'Warren's blacking;
Fate stood by while the bargain was made,
Signed a receipt when the money was paid,
Then summoned her sprites, an exemplary band,
To kneel in respect to the Lord of the Strand.

They came with harp and timbrel,
And dulcimer and lute,
With double-drum and cymbal,
Fife, flageolet and flute;
There was one o'er the ocean
Sate singing and lone,
While the Styx in commotion,
Re-echoed each tone.

He sate in his beauty on billows of flame,
And marshalled the dæmons as onward they came;
Till at once they struck up at his tuneful command,
"WHACK FOR O'WARREN, THE PRIDE OF THE STRAND!!!"

But hark, 'tis the voice of the crowing cock!
And hark, 'tis the toll of Saint Dunstan's clock!
The morn rides high in the Eastern sky,
And the little birds carol it merrily:
Already have waned at the gladsome sight,
Each scene of darkness, each goblin sprite;
Abaddon to whit, and the whole of his crew,
Pink, yellow, or rosy, green, purple, or blue,
For cheered by the rays thro' his lattice that peep,
The bard hath awoke from the "Pains of Sleep."

ANNUS MIRABILIS;

OR,

A PARTHIAN GLANCE AT 1823.

SHOWING,

AMONG OTHER MEMORABLE MINUTIÆ, THE PROGRESSIVE POPULARITY OF WARREN'S BLACKING.

By the N. M. M.

New Monthly Magazine

January.—Intense frosts, and the Serpentine unusually thronged with skaiters. Mr. Horner published a series of engravings taken from the summit of Saint Paul's; built an attic above the cross, and made divers domestic discoveries with his telescope. A Major Paull, of the Bombay establishment, was caned by his black servant; a wag observed on the occasion, that the negro appeared to have followed Virgil's advice of "Paullo majora canamus;" the trial came on at Calcutta. A lady in Dyott Street stirred up her husband with a poker. Four pair of old bachelors committed matrimony at Saint George's, Hanover Square.——Verdict, Lunacy. Warren's Blacking increased in circulation, by means of 50 additional Agents.

February.—Tom and Jerry mania on the decline; only four Charlies with black eyes to be found in all

Piccadilly; some of them with no eye at all, except to their own interest. Mr. Pope enacted the ghost of Banquo in Macbeth: he made a very spirited and lively apparition. Valentine's day; postmen oppressed with a weight of delicate embarrassments, and shops pleasantly replete with bleeding hearts, and Cupids in buckskin breeches. Lord v. Lady Portsmouth at the Court of Chancery; his Lordship convicted of black jobs and bell-ringings; Mr. Bell rung the changes in his (the Plaintiff's) favour; expenses of the whole suit *only* 30,000*l*. Pioneers, an American novel, published by Murray; exceedingly interesting to those who can comprehend it. Lord Clanmorris failed in his attempts to become a fashionable Corinthian—"Non cuivis homini contingit adire Corinthum." Warren's Blacking much circulated in Scotland.

March.—London rapidly improving in the number of its fashionable arrivals. Mr. Bochsa highly attractive as usual in the oratorios at Drury-lane. Symptoms of modesty in Blackwood's Magazine; utterly disbelieved by Mr. Hazlitt. Only one novel from the author of Waverley. A Scotch apothecary in —— Street invited a friend to dinner and sate him down to a bottle of castor-oil; observing, by way of consolation, that the welcome was every thing. Sheridan's comedy of the School for Scandal revived at Drury Lane; the part of Charles Surface exquisitely performed by Mr. Elliston, in every respect but that of resemblance to the character. "Buy

Warren's Blacking" discovered written up on the ruins of the Coliseum, a picturesque proof of its popularity.

April.—All Fools' day. (26)—Mrs. Siddons *did* an abridgment of Paradise Lost, and left out the character of Satan, to prove her abhorrence of Mr. Southey's "Satanic School." The Lord Chancellor came to a decision. John Bull Newspaper accused Lord Holland of being a Zephyr. A shipload of Peverils of the Peak landed at the Custom House. An Irish bog took a fancy to see the world, and eloped from the country where it was born and educated; Mr. Martin's estates went with it. Exhibition of water colors opened with some splendid masterpieces by Glover. Heliacal rising of Thomas Moore and his three angels, but being somewhat defective in point of wings, they shared the fate of Icarus, and dropped into the waters of oblivion. "Buy Warren's Blacking" chalked up on every wall of the metropolis.

May.—High season of fashion at the west end. Exhibition at Somerset House, much discussed to the imminent neglect of the weather. Marriage Act universally deprecated, in consequence of the generality of females being averse to see their weakness made manifest on the church doors. Haydon put forth his picture of the Raising of Lazarus, but found it more difficult to raise the wind than to raise the dead; scanty show of visitors, though the artist is of

first-rate celebrity, and wears no cravat. (27) Grand fight for the championship of England between Spring and Neate. Meeting at the Free-Mason's tavern in favor of the Spaniards and consequent altercation between Messieurs Hunt and Rowcroft. A masquerade at the Opera House, where a nobleman, in making love to a masked lady, kissed his own wife by mistake; he has been a sincere penitent ever since. Discovery of a witch in Devonshire. Almack's and Warren's Blacking in their zenith of fashionable notoriety.

June.—Elegant display of female equestrians in the Park. Mrs Coutts still a widow. Subscription in behalf of the Spaniards, towards which one patriot contributed a pair of old shoes. Treadmill and Mr. Scarlett in equal practice. New number of The Liberal made its appearance in the literary horizon, but proved to be a star shorn of its beams: "How are the mighty fallen!" Horrible effects of gluttony—a hog belonging to Mr. Bath, of Reading school, being overcome by hunger walked into the schoolroom, and deliberately devoured the writing-master. A ship-load of Warren's Blacking sailed for Kingston, Jamaica, by order of the governor.

July.—Mrs. Olivia Serres, *soi-disant* princess of Cumberland, accused by Mr. Peel in the House of Commons of having a brown spot under her fifth rib. Three new cantos of Don Juan published, and proscribed according to law. Symptoms of desertion at

the west end. Sir Robert Wilson wounded at Corunna, and Prince Hilt threatened with an explosion. A farmer at Egham accused our gracious Sovereign of being an "old chap:" Stocks fell 1½ *per cent.* in consequence. Prince Hohenlohe commenced a series of miracles for the season; began his entertainments by causing a dumb Irishwoman to speak, but forgot the most miraculous part, to make her hold her tongue again. Reverend Edward Irving attempted an imitation of the famous apostrophe of Demosthenes (28) to the shades of the Marathonian dead: he made a very Scotch Demosthenes. Orders received at the India House for a supply of Warren's blacking: intelligence reached No. 30. Strand, by a special messenger from the court of directors.

August.—Saint Swithin rehearsing daily for the winter; much improved in his performances, but too persevering in the display. Three new cantos of Don Juan appeared,—obliged to *Hunt* for a publisher. Melancholy solitude in the neighbourhood of Portman Square. "Desolate is the dwelling of Moina." A good thing discovered in the Gentleman's Magazine. Not more than twenty pairs of boots on a daily average heard clattering up Bond Street. Novel of Frankenstein *diabolized* at the English Opera House. A cockney met Lord Byron at Genoa, and having heard that he was a complete devil, was astonished to find him only a man Returns for Warren's blacking during the last month, twelve hundred pounds, exclusive of foreign agencies.

September.—Shooting season commenced: three old gentlemen had their wigs shot off by a party of cockney sportsmen, while smoking in their wigwams at Hornsey Wood tavern: an old lady who was passing in the neighbourhood, just bobbed in time to save the penultima of her nose. Astonishing abundance of plums, and other stone fruit; hence Horace has not inaptly termed this season "*Plumbeus* Auctumnus." Romeo Coates, esquire, personated the character of Benedict, at Saint George's church, to the life; after the comedy, he set off with his fair heroine for Portsmouth, where the happy couple are engaged to perform the "honey moon" for a limited number of nights. Vauxhall gardens closed for the season with only 80,000 additional lamps—*ουδεν ελαμπε.* Warren's blacking and consols still looking up.

October.—The Fonthill fever eradicated, in consequence of its fashionable victims being inoculated instead with the Hatton Garden influenza. The following advertisement made its appearance in the Englishman: "Mr. Smallwood's academy for young gentlemen, Laurence Lane, Exeter; price of tuition *2d per week:* them as larns manners pays *2d.* more." King of Spain restored to his throne, (29) proscribed one half of his subjects, and arrested the other: highly complimented on his disinterested impartiality. Heraldic discovery:—a special messenger arrived from Paris with intelligence that Warren was proved to be the grandson of Rousseau, by Madame de Warrenne. This goes a great way to account for the

sentimental beauty of his rhythmical advertisements, which, as well as his blacking, are, at present, in great vogue among the Parisian dilletanti.

November.—Three square yards of blue sky discovered within a mile of Eastcheap. The crowd was incalculable. Private theatricals projected at Devonshire house for the ensuing spring; among the numerous histrionic performers, Lord G——e, it is said, has kindly condescended to perform Bottom in the Midsummer Night's Dream; while the Duke of B—— volunteers the character of Ariel in the Tempest. A fine day. Eight hundred suits of old clothes exported from Monmouth Street as court dresses for the German princes. Apothecaries' boys discovered flying about the city in busy anticipation of the Lord Mayor's dinner. Autumnal sky said to be unusually beautiful: very true, if one could but see it. Official dispatches received at Warren's warehouse for a supply of blacking for the use of the United States.

December.—Taylors' bills of the young London swells drawing to a precipitate close, somewhere about the fourth page of the largest sized foolscap paper. No assassination of private character in the John Bull. A *true* statement discovered in Cobbett's Register. (30) The Bond Street loungers in a state of awful suspence respecting the shape of the next spring coat. A young lady shot her lover, as he stood in a sentimental attitude behind the counter of

a grocer's shop in the Borough: she is reported to have done it for the purpose of proving that love can take as sure aim with a pistol as with a bow and arrow. Warren closed his accounts for the year with a prodigious balance in his favour. Grand fête given on the occasion at No. 30, Strand, where the guests continued till a late hour, toasting (as the rest of the world is here invited to do,) "SUCCESS TO WARREN'S BLACKING."

WARREN AT SAINT STEPHEN'S.

By the R. of the T——.

1st of Aril, 1823.

The gallery doors were opened at twelve. The rush was prodigious, and the house more crowded than on any night since Mr. Burke's celebrated motion on Economical Reform. The Speaker took the chair at the usual hour. After the routine business was disposed of, the hour for commencing public matters arrived, and he then called on Mr. H——e. That gentleman arose, and spoke as follows, attention holding the rest of the members mute, as of old it did when the person called by Dr. Johnson "the first Whig," addressed a certain Stygian council.

"Mr. Speaker,

"In proposing a reduction of the expences attending Mr. Warren's blacking, as it is used for the army, and more particularly for the regiments of Horse Guards, I feel it but right to state, that I am swayed by no interested motive whatever. For Mr. Warren, indeed, though personally a stranger to him, I feel the highest respect; and when I reflect on the benefits that have accrued to society from the use of

his invaluable commodity, that respect is increased almost to veneration. (*Cries of hear, hear.*) Still less, Sir, am I averse to the necessary expenditure of the army ; I look upon it as an exceedingly useful institution, and should be sorry, even for an instant, to speak against it. But when England is manifestly going to ruin, when the most unprincipled waste prevails in every department of government, (*loud cheers from the Opposition*), when, as on a late melancholy occasion, the state room of a deceased queen is hung with black velvet, though broad cloth would have been handsome enough, I feel it my bounden duty to protest against such profligate extravagance. Upon this principle I shall to-night bring forward my long-promised motion relative to the estimates of Mr. Warren's blacking, firmly persuaded that the expences attending it may be greatly reduced.

I shall begin by enumerating the sum *total of the whole* of what is technically termed the Horse Guards. On examination it will be found, I believe, that the regiments properly so called, are four, and if we allow each regiment, on a hasty calculation, to be 800 strong, (to say nothing of the band), and multiply this 800 by four, we shall have a clear product of no less than 3200 men, all of whom are in the contant habit of using Warren's blacking. This, sir, to say the least of it, and provided that only shoes were the articles polished, would be an intolerable expense ; but

what shall we say when told, that the ministry, as if in mockery of reform, (*hear, hear, from Sir F. B——t*) compel the four regiments to wear jack boots. Now the motion I have the honour to make, regards these very articles, and proposes that they be henceforth cleaned but twice a week, on a presumption that the country would be materially benefited by the alteration. This presumption is much strengthened by the following statements, by which it appears that 3200 pairs of jack boots are at present daily polished, and that the consequent expences (allowing one pot of blacking, price sixpence, to be used between three pairs), are 9733*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* *per annum.* But if we restrict this extravagance to twice a week, the expenditure would then be 2771*l.* 12*s.*, whereby there would be an annual saving of 6961*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* Again, on a supposition that the jack boots are abridged to Wellingtons, and these Wellingtons cleaned in like manner but twice a week, to wit, on Fridays and Sundays, the expences would then be 923*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.*, making on the whole a reduction of 8809*l.* 9*s.* *per annum.* I must not, however, forget to mention, that in this statement there is an odd sixpence over, which, after every necessary retrenchment has been made, may be fairly divided between the Chancellor and Lord Liverpool.

I am far from meaning offence to Mr. Warren by any proposal to reduce the sale of his article; I acknowledge its unrivalled merit, and comparative

cheapness, but still I have a paramount duty to perform, to which I feel that I must sacrifice all private affections. And here, in passing, I cannot refrain from noticing a fresh instance of the profligacy of government. The allowance that they make to the officers of the Guards (*hear, hear, from Lord P——n*), is ruinous beyond all bounds. Not content with a wholesome and sensible repast, (31) they must needs give them coffee, ham, eggs, chocolate, orange marmalade, and gooseberry jam, according even to their own bill of fare, which I have seen, and which actually measures 36 feet, 9 inches, and 7-8ths in length, by 2 feet, 7 inches, and 3-4ths in breadth. In the patriotic days of England, in the days of Elizabeth and Burleigh, our military would have scorned such effeminate luxuries; but on the simplest and cheapest species of food, would have cherished a stomach fit either for fighting or for feasting. Now, however, the case is altered, and if our Guards ever condescend to eat *beef*, they cut it from the sides of John *Bull* himself. I call upon the house then to desist from these ravenous attacks; I call upon them to do justice, though late, to an impoverished nation, and by way of commencement, to limit the Guards to one pound of fresh meat, and one pint of porter *per diem*, convinced that none but a shark or an alderman could possibly digest more.

Having thus noticed the unprincipled breakfasts of the soldiery, I shall once again revert to the especial extravagance of their jack boots and black-

ing. The house will see throughout my speech, that I have linked these two latter items together, and my reason for so doing is because I consider them, like man and wife, so inseparably united in interest, that if one falls, the other must follow. The observation I have to make respecting them is, that during his majesty's late levees at Holyrood house, there was not one jack boot visible, although the flower of the kingdom was in attendance, and even the sovereign himself was pleased to declare that the Scotch were a nation of gentlemen. This clearly proves that the most accomplished personage in the realm, considers jack boots in nowise essential to gentility; and that they are much less elegant than Wellingtons, all who hear me will, I am sure, be willing to admit. In furtherance, then, of their immediate abridgment, I shall beg leave to introduce the following series of resolutions; *all* of which, however unconnected they may appear, tend to the same grand cause of retrenchment. (*Mr. H—e then read the following statements.*

1. That it seems, by returns to this house, that the expences attending the use of Warren's blacking in four regiments alone, are 9733*l.* 6*s.* 3*d.* *per annum*, and that a great part of this expence is occasioned by the jack boots of the Horse Guards.

2. That from the size of these jack boots, the time of the Horse Guards must be necessarily employed in cleaning them, whereby a spirit of vanity is e

couraged, to the neglect of good order and discipline.

3. That an humble address be presented to his majesty, imploring him to order an enquiry to be made into the estimates of Warren's blacking, for the purpose of ascertaining how far they are influenced by these jack boots.

4. That his majesty will graciously command these jack boots to be abridged into Wellingtons, to be worn only on field days, and to be cleaned only twice a week.

5. That by and through the advice of the lords spiritual and temporal, and his own faithful commons, his majesty will propose a premium to any who will undertake to clean these jack boots by steam.

6. That the house considers all these resolutions essential to the dignity of the crown, and the glory and happiness of the people.

(*Towards the close of this speech, the majority of the commons awoke from a deep sleep, which the hon. member's eloquence had occasioned. All parties rubbed their eyes, and among other singular appearances that the house at this moment exhibited, our reporter says that it was quite beautiful to see Mr. B——m and Mr. C——g nodding to each other like two sisters, from different sides of the house. He adds, that Mr.*

B——m's countenance displayed an air of the most touching resignation, and formed a striking contrast to the brazen beauties of Mr. C——r. Even the Speaker appeared to have caught the general infection, till starting up with an air of profound attention, he exclaimed, "Is this motion seconded?" upon which Mr. B——m rose and addressed the house. The following is a tolerably correct report of his speech, although candour compels us to assert that he was occasionally inaudible in the galleries.)

In seconding the motion which my hon. friend has this night thought proper to bring forward, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of doing justice to his public services in the cause of retrenchment and reform. On the present occasion, these services have been truly unprecedented, and he has laid before us such atrocious proofs of profligacy,—of a profligacy unequalled in the corruptest ages of the world, when the world itself was sunk in the very lowest abyss of all possible corruption, the corruption of the Roman Nero, (*hear, hear, from Mr. D——n*), that the human mind literally shudders to detail them. In this distressing predicament, I shall once more offer an appeal to the common sense of the house, well aware that though, by so doing, I appeal to an alarming minority, I still speak the indignant language of a prostituted, insulted, and inconceivably impoverished nation. (*Loud cheers from the Opposition.*)

My hon. friend has contented himself by questioning the propriety of this singular and superlative extravagance; but I shall descend to more minute particulars, by showing its positive and pernicious consequences. It is a well accredited fact, sir, that Warren's blacking possesses the lucid properties of a mirror, and when rightly applied to leather, lends it an inexpressible polish. Now supposing that our Horse Guards have already made this discovery,—a discovery as palpable as the characteristic activity of our chancellor,—is it not highly probable that, from motives of economy, they will forthwith dispense with mirrors? And if this omission is to take place in four full regiments of Guards alone,—to say nothing of the band, as my hon. friend observed, and a more accomplished band of brigands never yet disturbed the patience of an insulted nation, a patience equalled only by the identical animal that chews the thistle;—if, I repeat, this diabolical omission is to take place, is it not as notorious as the corruption of parliament,—(and what can be more notoriously corrupt?)—that the glass manufacturers must be ruined? We all know the contemptible caprice of that senseless idol, fashion; and I make no doubt, that if Warren's blacking be encouraged among these Prætorian guards to its present extent,—an extent destructive alike to the country and the crown, to the country from its precedent, and to the crown from its absurdity,—we shall see mirrors universally discarded. Let me intreat this house then to reflect, solemnly reflect, ere it sanction such notable injustice. Every manufacturer, be he who or what he may,

merits equally the encouragement of Parliament; but why sacrifice hundreds to the interests of one individual? Did the house, let me ask, ever see the individual for whose gains it is thus shamefully solicitous? (32) If they did, they will not easily forget him, for a more horrible and hoary wretch exists not on the face of the earth. The never-to-be forgotten expression of that eye—that nose—that mouth,—the muddy channels of those cheeks,—channels to which Fleet ditch were a river of paradise, and a horse pond a fountain of the Nile,—all—all betoken the pander to public prodigality. Yet this is the man,—this the Eblis,—this the Juggernaut of commerce, under whose overwhelming influence its very life-blood must be crushed out. Oh! let it not be said that the corrupt partialities which taint our political constitution could, even in this humble instance, so effectually blight its character as to sink it in eternal condemnation at the tribunal of after ages. (*The awful solemnity of this address drew thunders of applause from all parts of the house.*)

But despite the opposition of government,—opposed as it is from some curious obliquity of principle, that is to say, if extravagance can be called principle, to every motion that savours of reform—despite, I say, this most brazen-faced opposition, I am not without hopes that one at least of my hon. friend's resolutions may succeed. In the highest quarter, whence all gentility derives its origin, an amiable predilection has lately been evinced in favour of tight shoes. This predilection, influenced no

doubt by motives of patriotic economy, is evidently intended for imitation, and I move, in consequence, that our soldiery be compelled to follow the discreet example, with an assurance to the house—if the house yet feel an interest in the prosperity of the kingdom—that at the end of the year there will be a truly astonishing reduction. I do not address myself to Lord Liverpool on the subject, because I consider him a staunch member of the opposition; and still less do I apply to the honourable secretary for foreign affairs, when I reflect that in every—even the most trifling instance of his diplomacy,—he has exhibited more monstrous specimens of incredible truckling than the whole history of Parliamentary tergiversation—fruitful as it is in such obliquities—can parallel.

Mr. C——g.—That's a lie.

(*Here the confusion and cries of "order, order," became general; Mr. B——m rose to depart, and the whole business seemed likely to have a hostile termination. Anxious, however, to restore harmony, the member for Corfe Castle modestly proposed, that the disputants should cool themselves by perusing each two chapters of his "Constitutional History of Rome." A punishment so heavily disproportioned to the offence alarmed the compassionate justice of the whole house; and Sir J. M——h, in tones of the kindest sympathy, was heard to whisper something about the Criminal Code and the Law*

of Nations. An awful pause ensued, during which Mr. W——e slipped behind Mr. B——m, and thrust into his hand the "Whole Duty of Man," while Mr. B—tt—h presented Mr. C——g with "Baxter's Call to the Unconverted." Order being at length restored by an indirect apology from Mr. C——g, and a few words respecting the rules of the house melodiously expounded by Mr. W——n, and enforced with equal beauty of intonation by his brother, Sir W. W. W——n, Mr. B——m thus proceeded:)

The more deeply I reflect on the notable proceedings of our all-accomplished ministry, the more I feel impressed with the necessity of severest retrenchment. Had Mr. Burke been still alive, he would have agreed with me, I am persuaded, in opinion, and by way of commencement would have pulled off the jack boots of our Horse Guards—with or without *boot jacks*, as it may have suited the emergency of the case,—if indeed, any case was ever before reduced to so deplorable an emergency, an emergency proceeding from the superlative follies of government, of a government notorious for every species of gratuitous infamy—Mr. Burke, I repeat (33), would have commenced his labours by abridging, in the first place, the above-mentioned extravagance of our Guards; secondly, by applying his cautery to the diseased members of our city institutions—provided at least, that precious body corporate be not already too far advanced in the lowest stages of political pu-

trefaction;—and, thirdly, by a radical overthrow of that carnivorous band of corpulence and voracity, the beef eaters, (*a groan from Sir W—— C——s*), who under the present delectable regime are kept, like hyænas at Brookes's, to eat up the garbage of government. To the members of this house then, individually and collectively, I address myself, earnestly hoping that they will commence a similar task of retrenchment—if indeed retrenchment be not yet too late, too late, I mean, in allusion to the time that has elapsed since it was first found to be necessary, necessary, I would observe both to the two houses of parliament and the nation in general, general, I would add, in the most extended meaning of the term—and I here pour forth my fervent supplications at the throne of mercy (*Hear, hear, from Messrs. W——e and B——tt——h*) that the strong arm of government may be palsied, and its late intolerant acts—acts fit only for a Ferdinand or a fiend —be forcibly crammed down the æsophagus of the bungling artisans who framed them.

(*Mr. B——m concluded his speech amid loud cheers from all parts of the house, during which the Speaker retired. On his return, Mr. C——g rose, and addressed the house as follows:*)

As the lateness of the hour prevents me from entering into any specific detail on the subject of this night's debate, I shall make but a temporary trespass on the indulgent attention of the House. The

topic in fact requires no support from the flimsy fulcrum of adventitious argument, for, like the sacred edifice that was erected on the rock, (*Hear, hear, from Messrs. W——e and B—tt—h*) it rests upon the adamantine basis of strict political expediency. Every plan, however, is more or less the victim of insidious misconstruction, and as the watchful member for Aberdeen has cackled his apprehensions to the nation, it may be expected that I should enumerate my reasons for refusing to acquiesce in the justice of his anserine alarum. In the first place, Sir, I have held repeated consultations with the law officers on the subject, (*Here Mr. H—b—e snapped his fingers contemptuously*) and though the hon. member for Westminster, with wit at his fingers ends, (*a laugh*) expends it on my Egerian advisers, yet I can assure him that the judgment of a solicitor-general is in no respect deserving of the contumely which his *Furor Digitalis* would imply. He (the solicitor-general) informs me, that any reduction in the expenditure of Warren's Blacking, or any abridgement in the perpendicular altitude of the jack boots, would involve our colossal dominions in the inextricable horrors of anarchy, rebellion, and revolution. (*Hear, hear, from the country members.*) That if the army, for instance, ever insisted on the wear of a clean shirt but once during the vicissitudes of a month, they would justify the innovation on good manners by the penurious precedent of Warren's Blacking. That if by any caprice inherent in the peccant nature of mortality, they were desirous to curtail the

luxuriant abundance of their coat flaps, or dispensing with the etiquette of breeches, permit them to be worn solely by their wives, (*a laugh*) they would plead in excuse the corresponding abridgement of the jack boots. Now, Sir, although in days of yore, when the gathering gloom of his country's fortunes adumbrated the Athenian lustre of his politeness, it might be pardonable in the Greek warrior Isadas to rush unattired to battle, yet we must all allow that a regiment of such denuded patriots would be an object more notorious for the quaintness of its effect than the propriety of its institution.

Ah! Corydon, Corydon, quæ te dementia cepit?

In discussing the enormous expenditure attendant, as he assures us, on Warren's Blacking, the hon. member for Winchelsea has compelled its most decided recommendation to assume the unfavourable aspect of a defect. Like the scorpion of suicidal notoriety, he has committed murder on his cause by the destructive infelicity of his argument. He has objected to it on the score of its lucid and reflective capabilities, and informed us, with a pathos peculiar to himself, that it has encroached on the province of a mirror, to the detriment of glass manufacturers. Waving every topic of private grievance, which, however important to individuals, is yet of insufficient weight to attract the attention of legislature, I am prepared to prove, that by thus emulating the properties of glass, it has withdrawn from the shoul-

ders of the nation an exhausting Atlas of expence. According to the military regulations, as laid down in the stat. Geo. III. cap. 12. every barrack is placed under the superintending providence of a master, who is directed to supply it with furniture, in which mirrors are especially included, at the cost of the British nation. That arrangement, I am happy to inform the house, has now gone to the sepulchral abode of all the Capulets, for jack boots, anointed with the refreshing dew of Warren's Blacking, are found to answer every purpose of a suitable and successful equivalent. In order to corroborate my statement, I have the authority of Colonel W——, of the Guards, who informed me but yesterday, that for three uninterrupted weeks he had mown the adhesive thistles of his chin through the enlightened medium of his jack boots, and that the whole mess had put on their black stocks and stays by the same luminous assistance. (*Loud cheers.*)

The process of my speech has now brought me to that particular branch of the hon. mover's philippic, in which he proposes that, for the purpose of facilitating business, the boots of the Horse Guards should be polished by the intervention of steam. And here I beg it to be observed, that, as I am a partisan of qualified innovation, I will cheerfully add my vote to the resolution, with the proviso that its boasted advantages be previously positively and practically established. But why does the hon. member for Aberdeen restrict the terms of his proposition to the

individual article of jack boots? If the operation of steam be so speedy as he would seem to insinuate, in the name of heaven (*Hear, hear, from Messrs. W——e and B—tt—h*) let him apply its energies to his own eternal orations, and I will answer, that, provided it accelerates their utterance, it will be carried by a triumphant majority. (*Loud laughter.*) I do not however wish to damp his amiable enthusiasm; far from it, sir, I applaud it to the very echo, but strenuously exhort him to confine his speculations to himself, instead of attempting, by the chaotic confusion of his logic, to transform the Metropolitan barracks into museums of animal curiosities. In the course of his professional career, the hon. mover may probably recollect the well-known theory of the transfusion of blood from one body to another by means of a pipe or quill, or some such circulating medium. Upon this principle, the fluid of a fox transfused into the veins of a goose or a common council man would endow them with its vulpine accomplishments, and I have heard that a late member of opposition, being vaccinated with the blood of one of the "long-eared brethren," brayed an eloquent oration to the astonishment of both houses of Parliament. (*A laugh.*) Now, sir, however apocryphal it may appear, I can scarcely refrain from hazarding my conjecture, that the hon. mover has been inoculated with the blood of a beaver, (*loud laughter*) and that this very transfusion has inspired him with a corresponding mania for constructing architectural sophisms. He has this evening in particular erected a

Pons asinorum (*a laugh*) for the use of the opposition, over which he anticipates a free passage to the Treasury Bench. But let me assure him, that the piles of argument on which he has erected his bridge, have an imbecile foundation in the sand, and when the rains come and the floods descend, (*Hear, hear, from Messrs. W——e and B—tt—h,*)

> Shall melt into air, into thin air,
> And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind.

I shall detain the house no longer than to return my thanks for the indulgence with which I have been honoured, and to request its unanimous support in outvoting the resolutions of the hon. member for Aberdeen, convinced as I am, that, although "Fundit *humus* flores," (*a laugh*) although he pour forth the blossoms of his logic with more than ordinary profusion, yet it is the deadly blossom of the upas which festers in the brain of the unguarded novice who ventures within its pestilential circumference. Even now, its envenomed ardour impregnates the atmosphere around us, and we should be worse than traitors to our country and our king were we to pause in the hour of our peril. As a national blessing, Warren's Blacking is entitled to our gratitude, and as the scientific Archimedes of England, its manufacturer enforces our veneration. In the name of justice, then, be he loved, in the name of genius honoured, and in the name of Britain reverenced!

Long be his illustrious patronymic the symbol of virtue and of art; and while from clime to clime, from the æstive regions of the Eastern Ind to the hybernal hemisphere of either Pole, the nations of the earth uplift their voices in his praise, let England echo back the strain, till one wide acclamatory chorus rings, a millenial trumpet, through the world.

(Loud cheering from all parts of the house, followed the conclusion of the hon. Secretary's speech, after which Sir W—m C——s rose, and addressed the house to the following effect :)

I can't for the life of me help saying a small matter upon the subject of this night's debate, but at the same time as I arn't over nice in point of tongue, I shall say it as speedy and as soon as possible. Fine words butter no parsnips, and if so be I'm a bit behind hand in flummery, I will at least make up for it in common sense. What *boots* it, as the shoemaker said, how we talk, if we talk to the point? For my part, I stand only on facts, and quite blush for the hon. members of opposition, when, not content with cutting up the jack boots of the Horse Guards, they bother us about the expenses of blacking them. Now, the long and short of the business is, that Warren's Blacking is dirt-cheap, for it not only saves scores of pounds in the matter of they mirrors, but stirs up other manufacturers besides. For instance now, the success of Robert Warren has lately brought forward another one, who goes and poaches,

as it were, in the same *Warren*, and then comes and takes a house under the very nose of his rival. (*Loud laughter.*) And what, you'll ask, is the consequence of such opposition? Why, that by this here Warren trying to outdo that there Warren, both Warrens are obliged to mind their P's and Q's; which we all know they need not do, if so be that there was never no opposition. Opposition, sir, except in Parliament, is the very life of trade, and is just as necessary as marriage (*A pensive smile from Mr. C——e of Norfolk*) to propagate business. I intreat the house then to do away with the resolutions of the hon. member for Aberdeen. The country is in a *nation* flourishing state, for our Aldermen were never so fat as now, and in my last voyage to Ramsgate, I was pleased to see as how the Corporation of the different towns where I stopped to lay in provisions, seemed some pounds fatter than the year before. But independent of all this, let the house look at the charming appearance of things in general. Let them only look at the swinging stock of turtles as is daily sold, and see the high price as venison fetches. Not but what I can bring a thousand other proofs of our increasing trade, besides the mere matter of eating; only as I feel myself more at home in that ere line of argument, I feel more justified in using it. (*Laughter from all sides of the house.*) By the bye, this reminds me of the hon. member for Winchelsea's proposal to dish the city feasts. My God, what an idea! Do away with the city feasts, and you does away with government, for the constitution of

England requires every bit as much nourishment as the constitution of Aldermen. For my part, Sir, I have only to pray (*Hear, hear, from Messrs. W——e and B—tt—h*) that I may never live to see that ere awful hour when turtle-soup shall cease to be the crack dish at Guildhall. (*The touching emphasis with which the hon. Baronet delivered this sentence, drew tears from the eyes of many of the country gentlemen.*) I come now to the subject of our national poverty. And, first, the hon. mover assures us as how England is ruined, a fact, however, that sticks in my throat like Amen in Macbeth's, which, as far as I can learn, was nothing more than a piece of dry toast as had gone the wrong way. Moreover, he (Mr. H—e) says, that Reform alone can save us; to which I reply, in the words of Homer, "Credat Judy;" that may be Judy's creed, but I thank heaven it arn't mine. Once again, then, I beseech the house to vote against the reduction of Warren's Blacking. We have no need of reduction in no shape. John Bull, as I showed just now, is better off than ever; the tread-mill and the new churches are as full as they can hold; the Orphan's Fund is turned into a sort of Sinking Fund, for the use of them as can dip deep enough for she; good wholesome water may be had at Aldgate Pump for nothing; the beggars (thank God) are all hanged, and a new Old Bailey is being built for the rest; and, in short, the whole country resembles the place described by those charming authors, "The Elegant Extracts," where

The turtle wantons with the ape,
The deer frisks in the dell,
And vineyards with the tender grape,
Give out a goodly smell.

Upon a due consideration of these advantages, I think it but right to vote against the reduction of Warren's Blacking.

(*When the hon. Baronet had finished, Mr. H—e briefly replied, after which the galleries were cleared for a division. The Numbers were as follow: For Mr. H—e's proposition to reduce Warren's Blacking,* 32

Against it, 133

Majority against it, 121

The other Orders of the Day were then disposed of, and the house adjourned at 2 o'Clock.)

THE

BATTLE OF BRENTFORD GREEN,

A POEM IN TWO CANTOS.

By Sir W— S—.

A few years since, in the autumn of 1818, a serious affray took place between those illustrious rivals, Warren, and Day and Martin, (34) on the subject of their respective pre-eminence. The parties, as I learn from the black-letter record of the fray, met at Brentford, and after "a well-foughten field," victory was decided in favour of the former chieftain. In the present commemoration of that chivalrous event, I have taken the liberty of adding a few particulars and persons, for the purpose of elevating my subject, a principle which induced me to raise a fictitious superstructure on the historical ground-work of Marmion. With respect to localities, it may be proper to observe, that the scene of Canto I. is laid in the refectory, or banquet-hall of Number 30, Strand; while the operations of the Second are carried on in the vicinity of Brentford. The time of action employed in each Canto occupies one day.

CANTO FIRST.

The Wassail.

1.

Day set on Regent Street, Pall Mall,
Bathed Westminster's emblazoned hall
In one wide ruddy glow;

Lit up the brazen Hand-in-Hand
Fire-office, eastward of the Strand,
And gilt Saint George's Row;
The Warren's sign boot e'rst so gay,
Slow darkled as the darkling day,
Less wide and less was flung;
Each weary gale its task gave o'er,
And failed to wave it o'er the door,
So heavily it hung,
Suspended in sepulchral state,
As knave from Newgate's donjon grate.

2.

Within his hall the Warren stood,
In raiment trim bedight,
Arranging in reflective mood,
The wassail of the night:
Meantime his friends yspeed them down
From each far quarter of the town,
Those sister ditches, Houns and Shore,
Rival Saint Giles in choicest store
Of guests, a motley band,
And Bunhill Fields, and Rotten Row,
The Hills of Saffron and of Snow,
From Newgate Street, to church of Bow,
Join issue in the Strand.
Smiles the grey eve, an infant yet,
On many a squad complete,
Of gig, cart, coach, and cabriolet,
Loud thundering down the street;
Starts the pedestrian with surprise,

Condemns the tar his hapless eyes,
While on the passing pageant hies
To where the Warren's name, *
Dim shadowed 'neath the twilight pale,
Appears (strange paradox) to veil
Its *brazen* charms for shame.—
The band approached its Strand abode;
The street door slogan clattered loud,
And many a beauteous border maid, (35)
Stole cautious peep from palisade,
As one by one each guest drew nigh
The Warren's rich refectory.

3.

Eight and thirty stalwart wights
Sate within his banquet hall,
Eight and thirty flickering lights
Streamed around each chequered wall;
Flaunted their rays on spangled can,
Like cannon flash on Barbican,
Or Dian in her summer mood;
And bathed in rich effulgent flood,
Sofa, settee, and wickered chair,
Till bursting forth in radiance rare,
Henchman and host, and wassail wight,
Shone beautiful beneath the light.

* Mr. Robert Warren's name and address, carved *in brass letters* on the proud front of his abode, exhibits a remarkable feature in the alphabetical beauties of the Strand.

4.

'Tis fit that I should tell you what
These gentles had to eat,
How ale went round, and how, God wot,
The tables groaned with meat.
Suffice to say, that trim sirloin
Of bullock proud in death to join,
With raddish of the horse;
Flanked by a soup's embossed tureen,
And eke by cauliflower of mien,
Winsome and white as e'er was seen
From Hounslow Heath to Turnham Green,
Adorned the firstling course;
While ale in mantling goblets glowed,
And furnished frolic as it flowed.

5.

"Now tune me a stave," quoth Robert Warren,
To an elder at his side,
And stoutly as he gave the call,
Each guest the wassail plied;
Uprose that elder at the call,
A tuneful wight was he,
As ever startled London Wall
With vigorous harmonie;
He sang how he of Eld had been
On pilgrimage to Richmond Green,
How Highgate tunnel he had seen,
And trod the Brixton Mill;
Had roamed o'er Windsor's castle steep,
Saint George's tower, and Donjon keep,

Had paced the walls that round it sweep,
And rolled down Greenwich hill.

6.

The whiles he sang, with needless din,
A stalworth stranger clatter'd in,
Right valiant was his tread;
No time for summons or for call,
For stark he stood amid them all,
Like warlock from the dead.
He looked disturbed and pale as death,
But this mote be from want of breath;
He looked as scant as Ettrick witches, (36)
But this mote be from want of breeches:
Thoughtful he stood, and while a shout
Rung through the hall of "Turn him out,"
With scorn he eyed each clamorous guest,
And fearless, thus the host addressed:

7.

"What, ho, sir Knight, attend thy doom,
For terrible in wrath I come,
To tell thee here within thine home,
That though by advertising,
Hast dulled the Day and Martin's fame,
Descried their worth, assailed their name,
And puffed,—I say it to thy shame,—
With impudence surprising.
Thus quoth each angered chieftain then,
Go, beard the robber in his den,
Joe Higgins, (meaning me.)

And challenge him to feudal fight,
On Monday morn, all in the sight
Of Brentford's chivalrie."

8.

On Warren's cheek the flush of rage,
O'ercame the look of wisdom sage;
Fierce he broke forth, "And dar'st thou then
To brave the lion in his den,
The Warren in his hall?
And hop'st thou hence unthreshed to go?
No, by Saint George of England, no!
Up, gemmen, up, what, shop-boy, ho!
Let the street-door bar fall."
Too late it fell, for Higgins flew,
Like goblin elf, the passage through;
While thus with changing cheek and eye,
The Warren closed his grim reply,
"Back, craven, to your chieftains hie,
Ill-favoured wights, and say that I,
I, Robert of the sable hand,
And lord of Number Thirty, Strand,
Obey their summons to the fight,
And will on Monday morn, despite
Their mercenary mob,
Like cataract on their squadrons rush,
With banner, broom, and blacking brush;
I will, so help me Bob!"

9.

He ceased, and light as summer vapour,
The Higgins vanished in a caper,
Then hied him on his way,
And at thy ba s, High Holborn, told
The bluff reply of Warren bold,
To Martin and to Day.—
Meanwhiles the guests sat quaffing, till
Saint Paul's, far over Ludgate hill,
Knelled forth the deep midnight,
But when again its lengthening sound,
The wide metropolis around,
From Hampstead to Saint Giles's pound,
Thence to Bayswater burying-ground,
Struck the first hour of light,
They parted, each with wine ymanned,
And silence brooded o'er the Strand.

CANTO SECOND.

The Combat.

1.

'Tis merry—'tis merry on Brentford Green,
When the holiday folk are singing,
When the lasses flaunt with lightsome mien,
And the Brentford bells are ringing;
Well armed in stern unyielding mood,
High o'er that green the Warren stood;
A burly man was he,

Girt round the waist with kerchief blue,
And clad in waistcoat dark of hue,
And thick buff jerkin gay to view,
And breeches of the knee:
Beside him stood his trusty band,
With hat on head, and club in hand,
Loud shouting to the fight;
'Till answering shrill, street, alley, lane,
O'er hill and heather, wood and plain,
Sent forth the deepened sounds again,
With voice of giant might.

2.

Charge, Warren, charge! yon battle Green,
Glitters afar with silvery sheen,
The lightning of the storm;
Where bands of braggarts bluff in mien,
With ragged Irishmen are seen,
Dreadful and drunken all, I ween,
A phalanx fierce to form:
Saint George! It was a gallant sight,
To ken beneath the morning light,
The shifting lines sweep by;
In mailed and measured pace they sped,
The earth gave back their hollow tread,
'Till you mote think the charnelled dead
Were howling to the sky.
"Hark, rolls the thunder of the drum,
The foe advance—they come, they come!
Lay on them," quoth the Day:

"God for the right! on Brentford Heath,
Our bugle's stern and stormy breath,
Summons to victory or to death;
Hurrah then, for the fray!"

3.

Hurrah, hurrah! from rear to flank,
In vengeance rung along each rank;
And the red banners (formed by hap
Of two old shirts stiched flap to flap,) (37)
Waved lordlier at the cry;
'Till every proud and painted scrap,
Shivered like plume in 'prentice cap,
Or cloud in winter sky.
The Warren first this squad espied,
Ranged man to man in ruffian pride,
And to each warrior at his side
In vaunting phrase began,
"Rush on, ye ragamuffins, rush,
All Brentford to a blacking brush,
My foeman leads the van."

4.

On rushed each lozel to the fight,
Ruthless as flood from mountain height,
The bludgeons clattered fierce and fast,
And dealt destruction as they past,
While high as some tall vessel's mast,
Warren o'erlooked the shock;
Thence bore him back with might and main;
Brickbats and bludgeons fell like rain,

Stones, sticks, and stumps, all, all in vain,
He stemmed them like a rock:
His foeman chief with wary eye,
The flickering of the fight could spy,
And shouted as his bands he led,
To Pat O'Thwackum at their head, (38)
"Thwackum, press on,—ne'er mind your scars,
Press on,—they yield,—and oh, my stars!
Each nose is bleeding fast;
Strike, strike,—their skulls like walnuts cracking,
For Day, for Martin, and his blacking,
The battle cannot last."

5.

Vain charge! the Warren dauntless stood,
Though ankle deep flowed seas of blood,
Till Thwackum fierce towards him flies,
His breast with choler glows,
Rage flashes from his mouth and eyes,
And claret from his nose.
The foemen meet,—they thump, they thwack!
Hark! burst the braces on their back!
And, hark! their skulls in concert crack!
And, hark! their cudgels clatter, whack!
With repercussive shocks:
See, see they fall,—down, down they go,
Warren above, his foe below,
While high o'er all ascends the cry
Of "Warren," "Warren," to the sky,
And "Thwackum" to the stocks.

6.

Oh! for a blast of that tin horn,
Through London streets by newsmen borne,
That tells the wondering host
How murder, rape, or treason dread,
Deftly concocted, may be read
In Courier, Times, or Post;
Then in dramatic verse and prose,
The martial muse should tell
How Warren triumphed o'er his foes,
How Thwackum fought and fell,
And how, despite his cartel, Day
Hied him, like recreant, from the fray.

7.

'Tis done,—the victors all are gone,
And fitfully the sun shines down
On many a bruised and burly clown,
The flowers of whose sweet youth is mown,
To blossom ne'er again;
For e'en as grass cut down is hay,
So flesh when drubbed to death, is clay,
As proved each hind who slept that day
On Brentford's crimson plain.
Sad was the sight, for Warren's squad
Bravely lay sprawling on the sod;
They scorned to turn their tails,—for why?
They had no tails to turn awry,
So dropped each where he stood.

8.

First Ned of Greenwich kissed the ground,
Then Figgins from Whitechapel pound,
Mark Wiggins from Cheapside,
Whackum and Thwackum from Guildhall,
The two O'Noodles from Blackwall, (39)
Noggins the Jew from London Wall,
And Scroggins from Saint Bride:
Tim Bobbin tumbled as he rose,
To join the motley chase,
Joe Abbott, spent by Warren's blows,
Lay snug ensconced, and Danson's nose
Was flattened to his face:
Stubbs too, of Brentford Green the rose, (40)
Would have essayed to pour
On one—on all, his wrath red hot
As blacksmith's anvil, had he not
Been hanged the day before.

9.

Illustrious brave! if muse like mine
May bid for aye, your memories shine
In fame's recording page;
Each wounded limb, each fractured head,
Albeit tucked up in honour's bed,
Shall live from age to age;
And still on Brentford green while springs
The daisy, while the linnet sings
Her valentine to May,
The sympathising hind shall tell
Of those who fought and those who fell,
At Brentford's grim foray.

10.

L'Envoy to the Reader.

Now, gentles, fare ye well, my rede
Hath reached an end, nor feel I need
To add to Warren's fame, my meed
Of laudatory rhymes;
Far loftier bards his praise rehearse,
And prouder swells his daily verse
In Chronicle or Times.
Enough for me on summer day,
To pipe some simple oaten lay,
Of goblin page or border fray,
To rove in thought through Teviotdale,
Where Melrose wanes a ruin pale,
(The sight and sense with awe attacking,)
Or skim Loch Kattrine's burnished flood,
Or wade through Grampian moor and mud,
In boots baptized with WARREN'S BLACKING.

A LETTER

TO

THE EDITOR OF WARRENIANA.

Johnson's Court. April 1. 1823.

Sir,

In answer to your polite application for a song in praise of Warren, we beg leave to inclose the following choice eulogium. Before, however, we ventured to do so, we made enquiries, as our duty to church and state demanded, into the private and public character of the object of our praise. The result has been prodigiously gratifying. We hear that he is a staunch admirer of our all-accomplished ministry, holds the bench of bishops in orthodox veneration, and thinks the Morning Chronicle an absurdity. As a drawback, however, to these virtues, we regret to state, that he suffered his health to be drank at Lord Waithman's late dinner party. To be sure, there are degrees in moral obliquity, but if he had gone the extreme length of calling the Whigs patriots, we should assuredly have given him up. There was one man, we remember, who did so,—but he was hanged. The fact is, Sir, we are decided enemies to Whig-

ism, and still more to humbug. Plain sailing is our motto; candour and openness the talismans of our success. We think, for instance, that England is more flourishing than ever, and that Alderman Wood is decidedly not the author of Wood's Algebra. "Non ex quovis *ligno* fit Mercurius." Still less, Sir, do we think, that Lord Waithman is fit (in the coachman's phrase) to handle the ribbands of government. God forbid, however, that we should dispute his right to handle them in his own shop.

These opinions have of late subjected us to a host of ridiculous charges, and, among others, to the malice of attacking "the sanctities of private life." We scout the calumny. We were never yet malicious; and as for attacking private character, it is what we especially eschew. We should be broken-hearted if we thought we could do so. We really think we should. The plain fact is, Sir, that we have put our *hook* into the gills of the great leviathan of Whigism, and the brute, being somewhat tickled, naturally spouts a vast quantity of his *washy* fluid upon us. Having thus laid down our principles, you may guess with what enthusiasm we praised a gentleman who thought in accordance with ourselves. Apollo seemed to inspire our pen, and on casting up our accounts with Parnassus, we found that the sum total of the whole, as Joseph Hume would say, was the following choice product, or production, or whatever other

alias you may please to affix. If it renders any service to Warren, we shall be amply repaid; for, as we have said a hundred times, we would do any thing for so great and good a man. He takes in our newspaper, this proves his taste; he despises "the bloody old Times," this evinces his loyalty; he adores ministers,—ergo, he must be a patriot. Such being the case, we address to him the following song. His popularity it cannot well increase; for the man who, if we may believe report, is sitting to Sir Thomas Lawrence for his portrait, and to his neighbour Sievier for his bust, is already as famous as we can possibly make him; almost as much so, indeed, as Doctor Squintum himself.

We are, Mr. Editor,
Your sincere well-wishers,
J— B—.

SONG.

AIR.—"*The tight little island.*"

BY J. B.

1.

COME, gentles, attend, 'tis the voice of a friend,
So up, let us make a bold stand now,
And drink while we sing, huzza for the king,
And Warren the pride of the Strand now;
Huzza! for the pride of the Strand now,
Success to the pride of the Strand now,

We'll all to a man sing as loud as we can,
Huzza for the pride of the Strand now.

2.

Caledonian Hume, and Westmoreland Brougham
Are famous, if men would but heed 'em,
And Mister Grey Bennett, so fond of his dennett,
Looks *grey* in the service of freedom;
Oh! these are a talented band, Sir,
A remarkably talented band, Sir,
But shed a faint spark, like a cat in the dark,
Compared with the sun of the Strand, sir.

3.

T'other day Doctor Gall, in the Free-mason's hall,
Took a cast of our artizan's cranium,*

---

* The craniological discoveries of those twin-stars, Doctors Gall and Spurzheim, who undertake, it seems, to detect our moral and intellectual qualities by some corresponding bone of the cerebellum, are likely to become a bone of contention among the scientific literati of the day. All who have virtuous bumps believe in the truth of their system, while those who have not, make no bones (probably from their cerebral deficiency) of opposing it. It appears, according to Doctor Gall's late lectures, that both the corporeal and intellectual harmony of our natures is occasioned by certain organs of the skull, which are tuned by the hand of fate. That if a man, for instance, be found full in the organ of "adhesiveness," it is fair to conclude, that destiny intends him for a Lord Chancellor, and that if he be deficient in "conscientiousness," he may calculate on success as a Whig. The organ of "size" indicates his fitness for an alderman, while that of "constructiveness," unusually developed in

And found that each bump stuck out like the stump
Of an overgrown summer geranium;
So he drew up a treatise for *Bumpus*,*
The great bibliopolist *Bumpus*,
And a sovereign we'll stake, that his treatise will make
A craniological rumpus.

* The name of a retail bookseller in Holborn. J. B.

---

the skull of Mr. Warren, points to matters of mechanism or science. Innumerable, therefore, must be the people who are either hanged or transported from the mere size of their organs of "destructiveness," and "acquisitiveness." The accidents, however, such as murder, or theft, which result from these iniquitous hillocks, are not the fault of their owners, but are simply the result of destiny. Every thing, in short, is the work of fate. The discoveries of our chemists, and the verses of our minstrels, are nothing more than the necessary developement of bumps run to seed. Mr. Wordsworth consequently deserves no praise for his poem of the Excursion, for the organ of "weight" being unusually prominent in his skull, was destined to show its effects in the production of a heavy quarto. The organ of "benevolence," on the same principle, prevents Mr John Galt from punishing us with any more tragedies; "love of approbation" curtails the parliamentary orations of Mr. Horatio Twiss, and if the ancestors of Lord Byron, instead of developing the organ of "combativeness" in their country's cause, had possessed some more mechanical bump, their descendant might have inherited the same characteristics, and instead of being now a lord, might have been a cheese-monger.

Considering, therefore, that all moral and intellectual qualities, whether good, bad, or indifferent, are the necessary results of a particular formation of the brain, we think it but right that

4.

Doctor Parr hath a wig horrific and big,
As the spectre's in Milton of sin, Sir,
Yet though full roundabout is his noddle without,
'Tis terribly vacant within, Sir,
But Warren's is quite the reverse now,
Only look for a proof at his verse now,
How his Pegasus stalks through Helicon's walks,
As solemn as steeds at a hearse now.

5.

Old Castaly's fountain, high up on the mountain
Of Pindus, lends choice inspiration,
But then you must drink, or your readers will sink
In suspended (awhile) animation;
A fig for a liquor so racking,
Brain, bladder, and bowels attacking,
A far better fount to turn to account,
Is Warren's Elixir of Blacking.

---

a committee should be appointed to examine the skulls of the rising generation. That all who are full in the organ of "destructiveness" should be instantly put to death with as little inconvenience as possible to the sufferers, while those who are only distinguished for the size of their organs of "acquisitiveness," "secretiveness," or any less obnoxious bump, may be sent to expiate their embryo delinquencies at the tread-mill. Thus, crime would be crushed in the egg, and the proprietors of virtuous bumps would be allowed to develope their valuable deformities for the common benefit of themselves and the community.

J. B.

6.

They talk about Southey and Coleridge so mouthy,
And verse *Borough*-mongering Crabbe, Sir,
But by Warren's side placed, their muses defaced,
Look mere Cinderellas in drab, Sir:
Other bards raise their wind but in fiction,
Are wealthy as Jews but in diction,
While Warren can raise the wind a l'Anglaise,
Still better in fact than in fiction.

7.

Oh mighty magician! oh learned logician!
Each minstrel to thee's but an ass now,
E'en the verses of Byron seem formed of cast-iron,
While thine are the essence of brass now;
The image of Hyde Park Achilles,
Who brass from the head to the heal is,
Thy sole rival stands, though surely the Strand's
Paragon beats Piccadilly's.

8.

But halt! lads, 'tis time to finish our rhyme,
For the jorum is quite at a stand now,
So pass it and sing,—huzza for the king,
And Warren the pride of the Strand now:
Huzza! too for administration,
No matter who governs the nation,
Like Bray's patent vicar, we'll bray o'er our liquor,
In laud of all administration.

APPENDIX.

By W. G.

While this volume was yet in the progress of publication, the interest that it excited was unprecedented. The first literary characters of England expressed the most affectionate anxiety for its success. Contribution followed contribution, hint succeeded to hint, and criticism to criticism, till enthusiasm, quickened beyond its wonted pace, made sanguine strides towards perfection. But there are certain boundaries affixed to human intellect, and Warreniana was still incomplete. A few of the great authors, to whom application had been made, delayed their contributions until there no longer remained a possibility of inserting them in the body of the work. In addition to this, their authenticity in some parts appeared questionable and as the editor had little or no time left for enquiries, he determined to introduce those passages only which bore the stamp of genuineness. The task of selection, however, was more difficult than he had imagined. The indisputably legitimate were so mixed up with the probably apochryphal paragraphs, that analysis became a matter of as much nicety as the resolution of chemical compounds. Nevertheless he persisted in his task, which, having at last brought to a close, he has here ventured to arrange in one general appendix, in or-

der that by so doing he may stop up every "loop hole" through which criticism could possibly intrude itself.

The first contribution that suggests itself is the following delectable ditty. It reached the editor but four days since, when the last sheet of the "Battle of Brentford Green" had been worked off, and the "Notes" were already in the compositor's hands. From the nature of the subject, he could have little doubt respecting its legitimate owner, were not the sparkling scintillations of the verse somewhat unusually bedimmed. Such, however, as the poem is, he offers it to the notice of criticism, and need scarcely add, that the small irrelevant portions here presented to the public, stand precisely the same as in the original MS.

THE LIST OF LOVES.

By T. M.

Thomas Moore

List, list, oh *list!* HAMLET.

1.

COME, fill high the bowl, 'tis in vain to repine
That the sun of life's summer is o'er,

'Mid the autumn of age this Elixir* of mine
Shall each moment of freshness restore;
E'en now its bright glow by acquaintance improved,
Suns o'er each past extacy frozen,
Till fancy recalls the few friends I have loved,
And the girls I have kissed by the dozen.

2.

By the dozen, oh monstrous mistake of the press,
For dozen read hundreds, beginning
With Fanny of Timmol, (41) the sylph whose caress
First set my weak spirit a sinning:
I met her by night in the Liverpool stage,
Ere the stage of my youth was resigned,
Ah Fan! thy sole guard in that passionate age,
Was the guard on the dickey behind.

3.

* * * * * *
* * * * * *

4.

Pretty Sophy stood next on the lists of my love,
Till I found (but it might not be so)
That her tenderest transports were tendered above,
While mine were all centered below:
So I left her on Midsummer eve with a kiss,
For I ne'er could from kissing refrain,
But honestly mean, when we next meet in bliss,
To give her the kiss back again.

5.

Oh, Kate was then all that a lover could seek,
With an eye whose least spark full of soul

* Supposed to have been the identical Elixir with which Saint Leon preserved his immortality. Vide Travels of Saint Leon, by Godwin. T. M.

Would madden a dozen young sparks in a week,
Though, like Parry, they lived at the Pole:
In the fulness of bliss she would whisper so coy,
"We were born, love, to bill and to coo."
Oh Kitty, I ne'er paid a bill with such joy,
As I paid my addresses to you.

* * * * * *

The poet, or more properly speaking, his interpolator, then proceeds to detail his amours with one "Bessy," whom he calls, in an affectionate parenthesis, "bewitchingly simple." He describes her as a native of Erin's "green isle," and discusses the merits of her "delicate slim feet," in language of impassioned but apocryphal voluptuousness. It seems that her graceful dancing first captivated his fancy, an exercise to which the splendour resulting from the use of Warren's blacking, (which she applied profusely to her pumps), lent additional elegance. "Her feet," quoth our animated minstrel, "flashed fire as she waltzed, and her dear little eyes shone reflected in their sable mirror like the westering sunbeams on the ocean." He then addresses himself to Warren, whose blacking he panegyrises as the chief object of Miss Elizabeth's attraction. As this part, however, is, in the editor's opinion, heterodox, he rejects it for the closing stanza, which bears the undoubted impress of orthodoxy. The poet, it must be premised, has been specially recommending Warren's blacking, and thus winds up his apostrophe.

8.

But away with regret—while the suns of my youth
Shall gild the grey eve of my age,
While memory shall borrow the pencil of truth
To illumine life's desolate page;
While my heart, like some moon-silvered abbey,
shall stand,
All ruined though decked in a smile;

I'll drink to O'Warren the lord of the Strand,
And the pride of the Emerald Isle.

The next contribution savours strongly of the cockney school, being written by a young gentleman who seems far gone in a confirmed admiration of Leigh Hunt. It is intitled "The Apotheosis of Warren, a Pastoral Mask;" and is, of course, well manured with the requisite modicum of daffodils, eglantines, and cherubs. Even the "great Boreas" himself is pressed into the service (a great *bore* he is, by the bye), and trained to blow over the Regent's Canal with very pretty effect. The bard commences his pastoral by supposing himself lying "one prankish summer's eve" in a cart-rut at the foot of Primrose Hill. While thus prostrated, he suddenly falls asleep, and is forthwith visited by some half dozen shepherds and shepherdesses, whom he describes as being busied in toying with "the perked up hay-cocks" of Fairy-land. On a sudden the scene changes to "the Temple of Art and Science" on Mount Parnassus, where a "glorious genius" is discovered lying dead. This glorious genius is no other than Warren, over whose corpse a set of sylphs are strewing flowers, consisting, for the most part, of the following poetic plants:

Cowslips, buttercups, and roses,
Thyme with dulcet dew-drops wet,
Sage and onions, pinks and posies,
Cauliflower and mignionet.

While this is going forward, Oberon, king of the fairies, enters, and desires the pastoral worthies to pay their last respects to the defunct and gifted manufacturer. No sooner said than done; the monarch waves his gossamer spear, and instantly a selec

abundance of cherubs walk two by two, like young ladies in a Sloane Street boarding school, around the body. First come Oberon and Titania hand in hand, and then the following *peculiarly appropriate* individuals, all of whom, it must be observed, have got pocket-handkerchiefs, "woven of aspen leaves," applied to their eyes.—Mab and Melibæus; Pease-blossom and Theocritus; Pan, Puck, and Priapus; Vertumnus, Veshnoo, and Virgil; Ruth, Boaz, and Bottom; Gessner and Metastasio; Adonis and Caliban; Spenser and Proserpine; Flora, Faunus, and a Glendoveer in corduroy shorts; Amaryllis, Arethusa, and Ambrose Phillips; Chloe, Comus, and Corydon; Florizel, Perdita, a warlock, two kelpies and a bogle; Bion and Moschus; Ariel in top-boots; Endymion and John Keats; Actæon and a wood nymph in short petticoats; Ænone and Leigh Hunt, (this last in yellow breeches); Hesiod, James Hogg, Charles Lamb, and the Faithful Shepherdess; and lastly, the poet himself, with an ass's head for a hat, which he says was given him by Oberon, "the jealous and jaunty fay-king."

When this procession is concluded, Mab, "she of the witching tongue," is called on for a speech, which, as it is a long one, the editor forbears to insert. It consists wholly of compliments to Warren, whose blacking is characterised as the light of the modern world, as that light by which mortals pick their way through the "swaling snares of life," as an Irishman picks his way through the "flowerless bog of Allan." At this period, the bard awakes, but finding (naturally enough) that his slumbers in the cart-rut have given him a rheumatism, he goes home with the resolution to beguile its pain by an account of what "happ'd him in slumber." As a specimen of his poetry, the editor contents himself with the above brief extract, partly from the spurious, and partly from the mediocre character of the rest. He may

observe, however, that the whole is the production of Mr. C—— W——, whose mind, though somewhat deteriorated by the maudlin affectations of the cockney school, is yet not devoid of fancy.

The next contribution is from the pen of the reverend orator of H—— G——, and is rather quaintly intituled, "For Warren's Blacking, an Oration in one part." In it Mr. I—— observes, that by reason of his time being so fully taken up with the cure of souls, he is unable to do that full-length justice to Warren that his genius requires, and has therefore been obliged to content himself with an abridged, or miniature contribution. This contribution, it seems, is intended "to be after the manner of the ancient oration, the best vehicle," adds Mr. I——, "for addressing the minds of man that the world hath seen," and is fashioned into a letter to the editor, (in answer to one that he wrote respecting an article of Warreniana) which is thus headed.

Hatton Garden, April 1st, 1823.

My honored Friend,

The lusts of the masters of this thoughtless godless generation (like generation like masters) whose vile and filthy speculations, engendered in the limbo of vanity, are hatched by the suns of sin upon the quicksands of this ball of earth, engross the leisure that I had set apart for the consideration of thine artless appliance. Much it dispiriteth me to think of thy discomfiture, but the flush and flashy spirit of the age claimeth exclusive attention, and I thank heaven that hath ordained me by signs unequivocal to sit in judgment upon it. Of a verity, my mind likeneth it to a huge temple erected in honour of iniquity, and the sons of men to the hardened brick-bats wherewith it is built up. For, behold, they

are given to sordid and slavish sensualities, and aye continue reckless of the hole that mammon daily puncheth in their souls, as though it were but a hole in their nether garments. I can testify,—I can testify that they are crusted all over with leprous iniquities, that they feed on virginity as though (oh shocking!) it were a mutton chop, and no more heed the voice of wisdom that crieth in Hatton Garden, than they heed the voice of the Israelite who crieth "old cloaths" in the street. Men and brethren! is this always to continue, or is it to have an end? If, oblivious of your spiritual interests, ye resolve to brave it out, then look well to yourselves, for even now I behold ye bound, one and all, to the ocean of darkness, the steam-boat of sin awaiteth to carry ye across, the wind sits fair for Tophet, and the pilot, Death, stands sniggering for very joy upon the deck.

But yet amid the sins and the snares and the sneers of this stiffnecked shameless generation, there is one man who hath eschewed the cud of iniquity like a cow, and, addressing himself to a godlike life of science, hath dwelt alone amid the crowded chaos of the Strand, like some bashful blossom in the wilderness. And he hath been rewarded with many new scientific discoveries, for behold he hath made, in the stillness of his retreat, divers tuns of precious jet black liquid, the which he hath put forth in comely stone bottles. But mark the invidious soul of this degraded age! They have jeered and backbitten and insulted his pure and poetic advertisements. All for what? For daring to make them simple and scientific in expression, and grafting thereon sweet and salutary commendations of his blacking. Had he sent his advertisements forth among courts and palaces, with portraitures by Westall or Wolnooth affixed thereto, his musings had been more welcome, but because the man hath valued modesty and common household truth, therefore is he designated a

quack. It is not for me (albeit a devout admirer), to attempt any first-rate advocation of his cause, but thus much I may be permitted to add, that before the fame of the man Warren shall expire, the "heartless Childe" shall take unto himself the editorship of the Evangelical Magazine; his staves forgotten and forgiven of all, shall be ingulphed in the æstuary of oblivion, and mine own immortal orations be sent to keep them company on the voyage. I could add divers pleasant things touching these last, which I dedicate, my G——, to you, but that the occupations of life are so many, and the first of April so ominous. Wherefore, in much haste,

I am,
My honored friend,
Yours, in the bonds of fraternity,
E—— I——.

P. S. I have just room enough left in this sheet of paper to request that you will look well to yourself, and have mercy upon your own soul.*

The following and last contribution is from the pen of the accomplished author of the "Knife Grinder," a parody which made its appearance some years since in the Anti-Jacobin. The metre, like its prototype, is sapphic, and consists of an imaginary dialogue between a friend of science, and an apprentice of our illustrious manufacturer. The conversation is supposed to take place in the great hall of the Society of Arts at the Adelphi, by the philosopher's requesting to know the nature of a particular patent which the apprentice holds in his hand. On being told that it was for a new discovery in blacking, he enters into a minute catechism respecting its manufacturer, which induces a panegyric upon Warren,

* Vide Preface to my Orations.

in the course of which his menial incidentally exclaims, addressing himself to the friend of science :

We shall be glad to have your honor's custom,
Sixpence per pot we charges for our best jet
Blacking, but if you give us back the pot, we
Makes an allowance.

This touching appeal is naturally successful with the philosopher, who proffers his immediate patronage. Then follows a glorious, but ungrammatical burst of enthusiasm from the apprentice which is thus effectively wound up :

Sing then, oh sing his praises ; and may London,
Hampstead, and Highgate echo back the ditty,
While every night-wind whistles to the tune of
" Buy Warren's Blacking."

This " Sapphic dialogue" is, as the reader will not fail to remark, a mere skeleton, like the sermons of Mr. Simeon. It will serve, however, to show the interest that is excited by " Warreniana," when even our first statesman, amid the combined toils of the cabinet and the gout, can afford time and inclination to befriend it. The editor has purposely omitted some parts, from the reasons stated at the commencement of his appendix, thinking it far better to be scanty but select, than superabundant but spurious in his contributions. He retires, however, from the field, to use the language of the Great Unknown, (on a far less important occasion,) conscious that there remains behind, not only a large harvest, but labourers capable of gathering it into the granary of " Warreniana."

NOTES.

By W. G.

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(1) *I was told by a Hottentot of his having been unfortunate in love.*—Page 17.

The gentleman who volunteered this information appears, like other barbarians, to have been more poetical in his prose than the respect due to veracity would warrant. The whole circumstances of the amour I have discovered, after a long and laborious search, to be purely fictitious. What opinion, then, must such a brazen calumniator have formed of the capacity of his readers? But he was right.—For the personal description of "Warren," vide "Roscoe" in the Sketch Book, vol. i.

(2) *Stokes indecent.*—Page 29.

I object to the word *indecent* in its present tortured acceptation of *immorality*. Ben Jonson, Massinger, and indeed most of our old dramatists, apply it in contra-distinction to the word *ornament*. Now it was without doubt *inelegant* in Stokes to sit beside Elizabeth Foy with his knee-strings laxatively pendulous, but by no means *indecent;* and though I venture not an apology for his conduct as *ungraceful*, I altogether dismiss it as *indecent*. For *indecent*, then, read (meo periculo) *inelegant*.

(3) *My stars! how we improve.*—Page 22.

There is something abhorrent to my mind in this profane and familiar use of the word "stars." To connect the crude improvements of mortality with the all-perfect works of the divine nature, is in itself defective as a simile; but to call upon the constellations to attest that improvement is a blasphemy so utterly unprincipled, that my mind staggers in an abortive attempt to express its adequate reprehension. The devout reader is referred to my note on "my stars," in Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour, Act I, scene 1.—For the catalogue of mountains, vide "Johanna" in W—'s poems.

(4) *Tom and Jerry.*—Page 29.

This passage alludes, I presume, to a dramatic non-descript of the same name, which was performed for two successive seasons to the crowded (of course) and enlightened audiences of the Adelphi. I merely mention the *thing* as a curious specimen of the most singular and superlative stupidity, that the thrice-sodden brains of a hireling scribbler ever yet inflicted on the patience of the public.

(5) *Odzooks, Papa, I'm dying.*—Page 34.

I have been long puzzled to ascertain the primitive meaning of this anomalous exclamation "odzooks." Tooke (vide Div. Purl.) supposes it to have been a monkish epithet of wonder. Todd takes fire at this "random," so he terms it, conjecture; and the wretched Malone, in that farrago of drivelling malignity, the Commentary on Shakspeare, dismisses it with his usual *felicitous* flippancy. But Todd and Tooke—et vitulâ tu dignus et hic—are alike mistaken in their opinions, for the phrase is simply interjectional, and as such was much used by the wet-nurses of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries.

(6) *With sugar plums of full size,*
And lollipops and bull's eyes.—Page 35.

The ever active kindness of Mr. D'Israeli has succeeded in furnishing me with the loan of a lollipop, similar to the one mentioned in the text. It is oval in person, and from the saccharine lubricity of its flavour seems peculiarly adapted to the palate of a stripling. The poet has therefore happily associated it with the Βοωπις or Bull's-eye of sweet and succulent notoriety. My own opinion, which I conjecture to be right, from the simple circumstance of its differing from Mr. Malone's, is, that the lollipop was a species of *stick liquorish*, in which sense I find it respectfully mentioned by the authors of "Eastward Hoe" and the "Merry Devil of Edmonton."

(7) *Apollo followed arter.*—Page 35.

The word *arter* or *a'ter*, as it is sometimes syncopated with a broad inflection of the first syllable, I find to be the Doric dialect of Cockaigne; a dialect in frequent use among those enlightened members of society, the washer-women. In pronunciation it claims analogy with the broad αρεταν απο παταν of Pindar.

N.B. Since the above note was sent to the press, I accidentally discovered, through the kindness of Mr. Farley, the valu-

able MS. of an obsolete pantomime, the production of one Shiels, a Scotchman, in which I find the phrase "what are you at, what are you *arter?*" The expression, therefore, had an evident theatrical origin, and I am proud to find my opinion backed by the authority of Mr. George Soane, a dramatist of considerable ability.

(8) *Her father dared to whip in,*
A monstrous earthen pip-kin.—Page 36.

The Poet is here mistaken, it was not a pip-kin that the old gentleman was stewed in, but a brass kettle, which, as Medea was a powerful enchantress, she probably manufactured from the face of her insolent and aspiring lover. Moreover, it was not Æson that was thus barbarously parboiled, but Pelias, and that by his own daughters.—Assuredly cool impudence could go no further than this.

(9) *So now good night, my Johnny,*
Put your night cap on ye.—Page 36.

The origin of night-caps is lost in the remoteness of antiquity. The classic writers of Greece and Rome are silent on this important topic, unless, indeed, the crowns of laurel with which their authors, sometimes even the humblest in intellect, were honoured, may be considered as a metaphorical symbol. Certain it is, that as deep and efficient slumbers have been caused by the ancient fillet as the modern night-cap. Wigs, too, are not wholly without blame, for a flowery pomp of frizz is frequently found to conceal an equal pomp of verbiage.—*Par nobile fratrum.*—I have never ceased to lament that the messenger who drew Priam's curtains in the dead of night and awoke him from his "curtained sleep," left us no record of the old gentleman's head dress. The subject at such a crisis, would have been deeply interesting.

(10) *A digression on the family of Warren, &c.*—P. 37.

A term used by Gibbon to distinguish an episode of his history. Mr. C— M—, the author of this *digression*, appears to have imbibed no inconsiderable share of the great Classic's vigor and splendid march of diction.—Arcades ambo.—

(11) *For two straight lines can ne'er inclose a space.*—P. 49.

An axiom in Euclid. As Cambridge is a mathematical university, this poetic allusion to its pursuits was received with

much applause in the senate house. It evinces besides great alphabetical research.

(12) *Like Amphitrite the great Neptune's daughter.*—Page 54.

Amphitrite was the wife, not the daughter of Neptune; but this mistake of course from the author of that elaborate absurdity "The Deluge"—Majora Canamus.—

(13) *But he replied, No, blast me, if I wooll.*—Page 60.

Wooll, the Æolic dialect for *will*.

(14) *And thus she cried, will this here soul decay.*—P. 60.

The phrase "here" possesses great expletive pathos, and appears synonymous with the "sui ipsius" of the most approved Latin writers. In circumstances of urgent distress, I know no expression that appeals more simply yet touchingly to the heart, and the reader who can unmoved peruse the similar lament of the dying robber in Don Juan, "Oh, Jack! I'm floored by that ere bloody Frenchman," must be more or less than man. The language is truly Virgilian.

(15) *Our beloved O'Doherty on the other.*—Page 63.

This gentleman, together with Dr. Scott the Odontist, Mr. Tims, the Reverend Christopher North, and others mentioned in the same article, are contributors (fictitious or not) to that amusing Miscellany, Blackwood's Magazine.

(16) *We have every reason to believe that Sir William Curtis is the author of the Scotch novels.*—Page 63.

I derive a proud satisfaction from being able to coincide with the conjectures of the Reverend Mr. North on this important literary topic. My reasons for such agreement, which have long engaged my earnest and undivided attention, I shall beg leave to class under the following heads, each of which contains some strong presumptive proof.

I. The author of the Scotch novels is a zealous lover of good cheer, as his character of Dalgetty and his descriptions of the revelries in Quentin Durwood and Kenilworth sufficiently betoken.—Sir William Curtis is notorious for his similar partialities, and has been often heard to depict the festivals at Guildhall in language of at least equal beauty.

II. The novelist is an evident partizan of Ministry.—Ditto Sir William Curtis.

III. The novelist is in the frequent habit (particularly in the Introduction to Quentin Durward) of alluding to his property and influence, which proves him to be a man of wealth.—On this point of close resemblance, vide the Rent-roll of Sir W. Curtis.

IV. The novelist is fond of using the Scotch idiom, which he manifestly affects for the purpose of concealing his superficial acquaintance with English. The scenes of his earlier works are all laid in Scotland, and it is not, until by frequent practice he has habituated himself to the language, that he attempts to shift his subjects to England.—Sir William Curtis labours under similar grammatical deficiencies, and would naturally have recourse to the facile barbarisms of the Gaelic, under whose protecting mantle his defects might pass unnoticed.

V. In his Introduction to Peveril of the Peak, the novelist describes himself as "a stout elderly gentleman."—Sir W. Curtis answers to this description with an almost miraculous resemblance.

VI. The novelist is singularly fond of analyzing the character of royalty, as for instance, in his Elizabeth, King James, Queen Mary, Louis XI., Charles II., Queen Caroline, Charles of Burgundy, Chevalier Saint George, Richard Cœur-de lion. This faculty could only have been acquired by a long and extreme intimacy with courts, and the warm friendship of our present gracious monarch for Sir William Curtis is proverbial in the fashionable world.

VII. The language of the novelist is never so happy, as when descriptive of a sea voyage; his details, for instance, of the vessel which conveyed Morton from Scotland, and that which bore Queen Mary to the shores of England, are two of the most splendid passages in Old Mortality and the Abbot.—The romantic love of Sir W. Curtis for sea voyages, and his frequent excursions in his yacht to the Isle of Wight, closely correspond with the similar attachments of the novelist.

VIII. The characters of the novelist, with few exceptions, are remarkable for their conversational tact, which prove that he must have passed his time in some great metropolis, where alone such tact can be acquired.—Sir W. Curtis for many years of his life has been resident in London and Ramsgate, places alike notorious for the number, variety, and conversational ability of their inhabitants.

IX. The novelist is fond of enthusiastic allusions to the graces of the Highland dress.—Sir W. Curtis, during the late royal visit to Scotland, appeared at court in the full costume of a

Highlander, thus practically proving that his own partialities corresponded with those of the novelist.

X. The novelist seems peculiarly at home in drawing the characters of wealthy burgesses and citizens, as in the case of Pavillon, the burgess of Liege, and Nicol Jarvie, the Baillie, or Alderman of Glasgow. This affords a fair presumption that he himself belongs to the body corporate of some great city, and the close connection of Sir W. Curtis with the city institutions of London, strengthens his claim to the composition of the Scotch novels.

To these convincing arguments I have yet one to add. The novelist, it seems, is every where desirous of showing himself an arrant Scotchman. Were he *really* one, he would be in no hurry to mention his misfortune; but it is evident by this very assertion, that he is some Englishman, desirous, from motives of emolument, of preserving an anonymous notoriety. The fact of his residence in London, being once authenticated, detection must ensue; he is well aware of this, so identifies his local interests with Edinburgh, and thus gets the start of conjecture by at least four hundred miles. That our illustrious city baronet should wish to prolong this strict anonimity I can well conceive, when I remember the unprecedented sums that his incognito procures him. Still the *debateable* land of conjecture is a *common* open to all, and despite his assertions to the contrary, I feel myself justified in pronouncing Sir W. Curtis to be the *sole* author of the Scotch novels.

N.B. Since the above note was written, I have learned with great satisfaction that Sir W. Curtis is travelling in Italy for the purpose of collecting materials for a philosophical dissertation on the suppers of Lucullus.

(17) *Before I conclude, I think it but right to observe that the poem, with the exception of a few lines, &c. was written on the First of April,* A.D. 1812.—Page 81.

Mr. C—e has chosen a most appropriate day for the composition of his "Psychological Curiosity." By a similar coincidence, his Christabel I understand, was both conceived and executed on the Twenty-ninth of September, (Michaelmas day,) A.D. 1796.

(18) *Then shouted to Warren with fitful breath,*
I'm old Mother Nightmare Life-in-death.—P. 84.

This old gentlewoman is the same who figures in Mr. C—e's "Rime of the Auncientte Marinere." She is there introduced as playing at Cribbage with a fiend or incubus.

(19) *His figure majestic, and formed for braving,*
Battle or blood—and he wanted shaving.—P. 86.

A striking and instructive illustration of the bathos: for other equally choice specimens, the reader is referred to Martinus Scriblerus περι Βαθους, or Hazlitt's Table-talk, *passim.*

(20) *Oh, king of the cock-tailed incubi!*—Page 87.

It is perfectly nauseating to record the unprincipled plagiarisms of our modern witlings. Like the leaden-headed commentators on Shakspeare, one laborious blunderer follows another through the same eternal routine of dull and drivelling imitation. The present delectable plagiarism is diluted from the "coctilibus muris" of Ovid; not, however, without sustaining some damage from clumsy distillation.

(21) *I have dandies who laud me at Paine's and Almack's.*—Page 87.

This is a gratuitous assumption; but Mr. C—e is always positive in proportion to his ignorance. Mr. Warren (however he may deserve it) is not the theme of commendation at Almack's. Who ever heard of genius being the object of admiration in a Ball-room? Had that inconceivably fatuitous Bœotian, Malone, whose no rank in literature entitles him to similar regard, made this stupid assertion, I should have passed it, as I do the pages of those twin stars, Chalmers and Steevens, with befitting contempt, but the intellect of Mr. C—e entitles him to (at least) consideration.

(22) *Like little Puss with Belasco the Jew.*—Page 88.

The Biography of "little Puss," like the four missing books of Tacitus, has been shrouded in the Lethe of time. I have consulted with my friend the Dean of W—r, in whose Chapter, I am told, he resided, with very inefficient success. The epithet "little," however, implies that like "lucus a non lucendo" he must have been a pugilist of gigantic make, for I find a similar term applied to one John, a favourite page of Robin Hood.

(23) *This desperate Mill.*—Page 88.

I was for some months puzzled to ascertain the precise meaning of this ambiguous term. My mind first conjectured that it alluded simply to a wind mill; and secondly, that it meant a tread mill. But here I found myself treading upon ticklish

ground, so, as a last resource, I applied to Mr. John Randall, who informed me with prompt politeness, that "Mill" was the generic denomination of a fight. For "Mill," then, read "fight."

(24) *And the blood from his peepers went drip, drip, drip.*—Page 89.

Vide a well known parallel passage in the tragedy of Remorse, "drip, drip, drip, there's nothing here but dripping." I think it a justice due to Mr. C—, to state that it is not a cook who puts forth this pleasing remark, but a Moor: nor does it allude to the dripping pan, but to the lapsing flow of a fountain. Ben Jonson is its original owner.

(25) *And he dropped with a Lancashire Purr on his back.*—Page 89.

"Little Puss," according to the few scattered accounts I have been enabled to glean, was famous for his Lancashire Purr; which is nothing more than a North country fashion, by which the pugilist runs his head into the body of his antagonist. The shock from so leaden and thick a substance must be attended, one would conceive, like a cannon ball, with instant annihilation.

(26) *All Fool's-Day.*—Page 94.

This is the oldest and most generally received feast-day in the annals of the world. All religions agree in holding it with equal enthusiasm.

(27) *Though the artist is of first-rate celebrity, and wears no cravat.*—Page 95.

To wear no cravat is an indisputable sign of genius among our pastoral and poetic scribblers. A rope, methinks, would suit a choice few of them with more appropriateness than a neckerchief, and I see no reason why a man who perpetrates a publication (on the mere score of eccentricity) should escape, when the wretch who commits a forgery is hanged. To affront the sensibility of the pocket is surely less atrocious than to volunteer an assault on the understanding.

(28) *Reverend Edward Irving attempted an imitation of the famous apostrophe of Demosthenes, &c.*—Page 96.

Of this Dagon of the Philistines, it is impossible to speak in terms of praise. He is a dissenter, it seems, and of course unworthy the consideration of the orthodox. Still, notwithstanding his heresies, Hatton Garden is eternally thronged, while our churches—but it is useless to say more, for who can sound the depths of human folly?

(29) *King of Spain restored to his throne.*—Page 97.

The cause of kings is a divine cause. Those radical factions, misnamed "constitutional" may oppose it, but it is the cause of justice, and as such must eventually triumph. Vide a Quarterly Review, *passim.*

(30) *A true statement discovered in Cobbet's register.*—P. 98.

An impudent and unqualified falsehood. The character of this hoary anarchist, this Erostratus of the grand fabric of our constitution is too well established to excuse even a doubt. He may drivel his specious slaver over truth, but even truth turns to falsehood at his touch. "Hic Niger est, hunc tu Romane, caveto."

(31) *Not content with a wholesome and sensible repast they must needs give them coffee, ham, eggs, chocolate, orange, marmalade, and gooseberry jam, &c.*—Page 103.

The complaints of these unimportant extravagances, and of the gooseberry jam in particular, are truly ludicrous, and merit for their sole reply, the answer which a Roman statesman made to the questions of a meddlesome and mischievous financier.—"Ohe, *jam* satis."

(32) *Did the House, let me ask, ever see the individual for whose gains it is thus shamefully solicitous?*—P. 108.

Vide Mr. B—m's sarcastic allusion to Cuchi the waiter of Trieste, in his speech on the memorable occasion of the Queen's trial. I need not point out to the reader's abhorrence this false and calumnious description of my friend. It speaks for itself.

(33) *Had Mr. Burke been still alive, he would have agreed with me, I am persuaded, in opinion, and by way of commence-*

ment would have pulled off the Jack-boots of our Horse Guards—with or without Boot Jacks, as it may have suited the emergency of the case, if indeed any case was ever before reduced to so deplorable an emergency, an emergency proceeding from the follies of Government, of a Government notorious for every species of gratuitous infamy.—Mr. Burke I repeat, &c. Page 110.

This involution of sentence upon sentence is a favourite feature in Mr. B—m's oratory, as the following passage will attest. "Their lordships, for reasons best known to themselves—but for reasons, he doubted not, that were dictated by consummate wisdom, and which they had not proceeded on till fully enlightened by experience and a careful review of all the precedents that could bear upon the present case,—their lordships, he repeated, had prevented him, &c. &c. Vide the Report of Mr. B—m's speech on the subject of the Queen's trial.

(34) *A few years since, &c. a serious affray took place between those illustrious rivals Warren, and Day and Martin.*—Page 121.

I am happy to say, that after much laborious investigation, I have ascertained the correct date of this battle. The generous friendship of Mr. D'Israeli has indueed him to consult an old barrow-woman who lives at Brentford, on the subject; and from whom he learns that the skirmish took place a month previous to the demise of her first husband. Now her first husband, as I learn from Mr. Crabbe's Parish Register, died in the Autumn of 1818. To this date then the point in question must be referred.

(35) *And many a beauteous* Border *maid.*—Page 123.

So called from the circumstance of her residing in the neighbourhood. *Palisade;* a somewhat distorted definition of a window.

(36) *He looked as scant as Ettrick witches.*—Page 125.

Ettrick forest is a sort of boarding school for young witches, where they keep holiday on moonlinht nights, "A truly respectable academy i'faith."

(37) *And the red banners (formed by hap*
Of two old shirts stitched flap to flap.)—Page 129.

The indefatigable researches of my friend Mr. Francis Douce, have at last enabled him to procure me one of these celebrated

banners. It is quartered according to the most received military practices, and in the midst appears a portrait which I at first mistook for the effigy of a goose and trimmings; but now find to compose the head and wig of my friend Robert Warren. On either side are blazoned two blacking brushes rampant, armed and langued gules, with a pair of top boots argent. The whole forms a striking heraldic curiosity, and is now deposited in the British Museum.

(38) *And shouted as his bands he led,*
To Pat O'Thwackum at their head.—Page 130.

"Of Patrick O'Thwackum," to use the language of Doctor Johnson, "thus presented to my mind, let me here indulge the remembrance." Though an Irishman he was constant in his attachments, and formed one of our little school at A—n. In temper he was peculiarly irascible, and it was doubtless this latter accomplishment that engaged him in the wars of Day and Martin, under whose banners he lost a considerable quantity of teeth, together with no slight portion of uose. I have not crossed his path since we last parted at A—n, but even at this distance, I cherish his memory with more than fraternal fondness.

(39) *The two O'Noodles from Blackwall.*—Page 132.

The O'Noodles, a flourishing family in Ireland, are notorious for the magnitude of their organs of combativeness. The two young men mentioned in the text form a part of this hopeful and prolific stock. They are, or rather were apprentices to Day and Martin, and were honoured with a crown of martyrdom on Brentford Green.

(40) *Stubbs two of Brentford Green the rose.*—Page 132.

How this gentleman could be the rose of Brentford, when it was well known in the private circle of his acquaintance, that he was a Creole in complexion, transcends the comprehension of criticism. I profess not to unravel the paradox; it rests between the author and his conscience. With respect to his Biography, tradition records that Stubbs was hanged the morning previous to the battle; which, if true, affords a satisfactory reason for his absence.—Of the rest of the skirmishers, little remains to be told. Their names have either past down the stream of time, or moulder on the records of the marble; and all that is now known of them is, that they once existed.—Sic transit gloria mundi.

(41) *With Fanny of Timmol.*—Page 143.

See a smart Little Bijou, entitled "Fanny of Timmol, a mail-coach adventure." The kindness of the proprietor of the Bull and Mouth Inn, London, has furnished me with the following particulars respecting this young lady. A Miss Frances Timmol (as appears by his day books of the time) took an inside place in the Union stage for Liverpool, A.D. 1799. Her luggage consisted of two bandboxes, a poodle dog, and a basket. Mr. M.——, then a gentleman "in the flower of his youth," happened to be the only passenger besides herself in the coach, so that the innocent flirtations to which he alludes in the text, must have taken place on the road. I am far from being a friend to such amusements, for they not only give a character of levity to the vehicle in which they occur, but do infinite damage to the morals of the coachman. Miss Timmol, however, appears by tradition to have been a young gentlewoman of very respectable acquirements. and as such is entitled to the good opinion of the commentator.

THE END.

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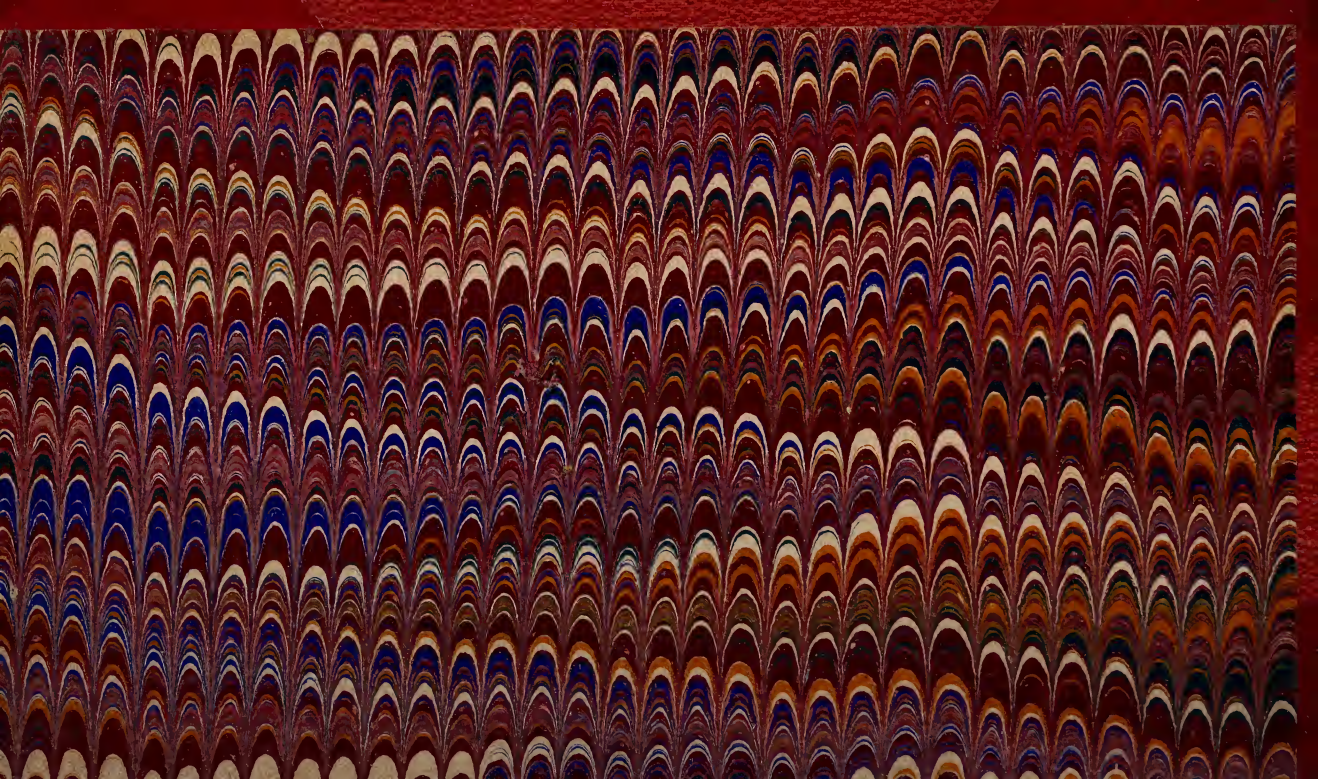

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